

# H Y M N S.

*Sarah Thomas*

---

By E. GODWIN.

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Praise ye the LORD; for it is good to  
sing Praises to our GOD; for it is  
pleasant, and Praise is comely, Psalm  
cxlvii. 1.

“ Nothing in our Church militant, more  
“ represents the Church triumphant,  
“ than that sacred and harmonious  
“ Way of singing Praises and Hal-  
“ lelujahs to GOD. ”

HEYLIN *Hist. Sab.* Part II. Cap. 5. p. 163.

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147. g. 222







T O

*Marmaduke Gwyn, Esq;*

S I R,



HOSE Opportunities in which I have been favour'd with your agreeable Company ; I always observed your particular Fondness of joining in HYMNS, to praise the benificent JESUS, who has displayed his Glories in your Heart. *This, Sir,* together with your requesting me to transcribe some of *these* HYMNS, when last at your House, has embolden'd me to dedicate them so particularly to your Service.

No doubt your appearing Patron of this Volume, may encrease that *Reproach* you so gladly suffer for the Honour of *our despised* LORD.

## Dedication.

For I am sensible how void *these* HYMNS are of artful Figures, and the other Embelishments of Poetry. You know, *Sir*, they are wrote for the Use of a simple People, who in general are little acquainted with *such things*; and probably may (and with a great deal of Justice too) esteem *them* but as unprofitable Husks: For what Advantage gains the Man, who Day after Day, pleases himself with dry, with empty Sounds? Is his Soul profited? *A tickling empty Pride is all the Heaven they produce.*

But the Thing aim'd at in *these* HYMNS, is to profit the Soul, to raise it to a real *Heaven*: However unpolish'd they appear, GOD has thus bless'd some of them in the Congregations, and knowing that what GOD *owns*, must be particularly dear to his People; I offer this as the most suitable Return for the Honours and Favours I have received at your Hand.

I know the *curious Reader* will be offended the HYMNS are not more regularly ranged; and perhaps too, because  
The

the Subjects are so vastly different ; but it is not those (*who have empty Curiosity for their Guide, and Self their leading Principle*) these HYMNS are intended for ; but for you, *dear Sir*, and the Societies I labour with, *who have GOD's SPIRIT for your Guide, and his Glory for your leading Principle.*

Trusting, that that *good SPIRIT* hath assisted me in these Performances ; and having GOD's Glory in View, in publishing them, I yet again offer them to you both ; and subscribe my self,

*Honoured and dear SIR,*

*Yours, and Theirs ;*

*In closest Bonds*

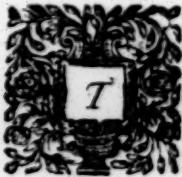
*Of Duty and Affection ;*

**E. GODWIN.**

MITCHELL



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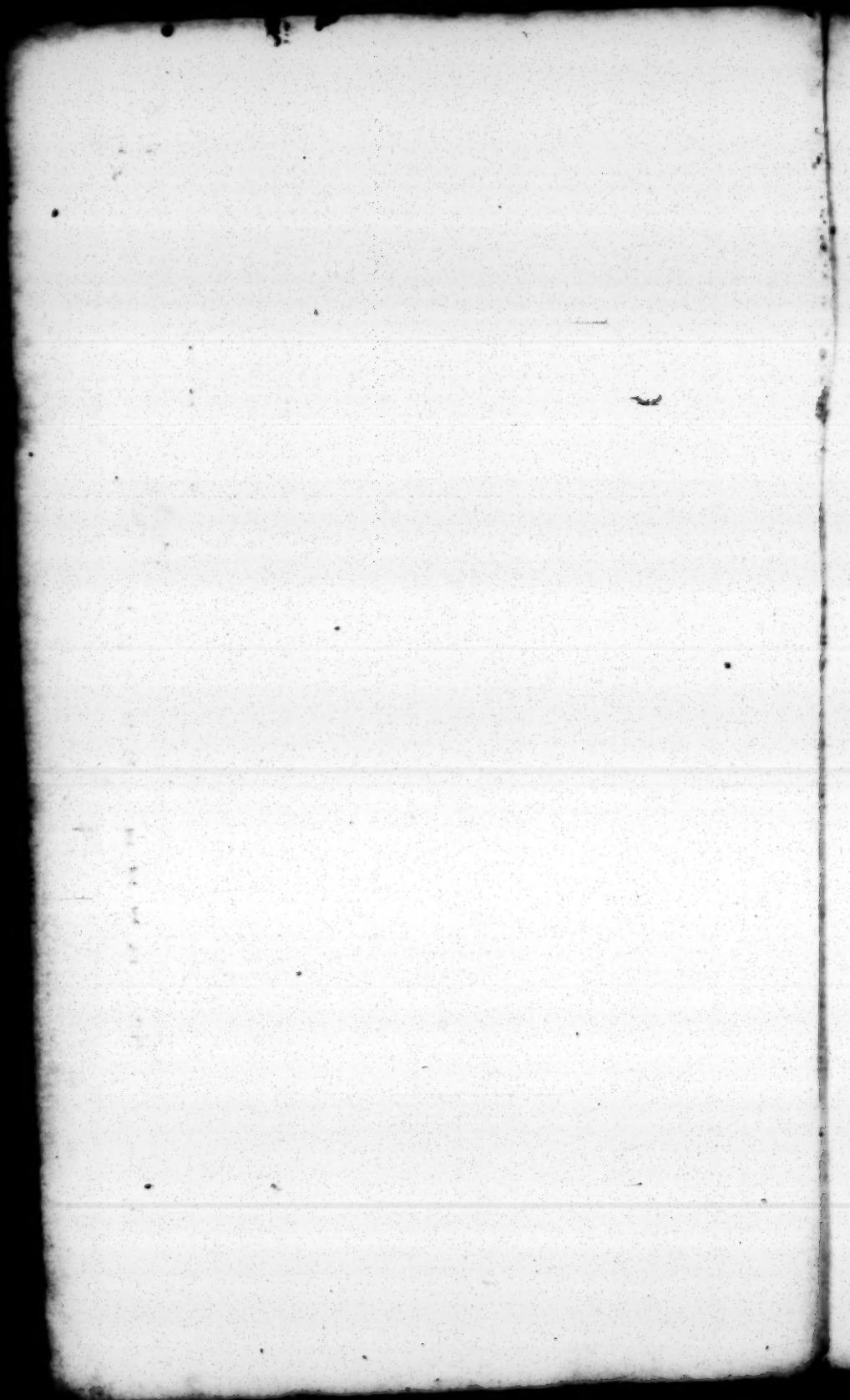
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# H Y M N S.



## *The Christian Life.*

### I.

**H**OW happy is the soul set free !  
Whose sacred life is hid in thee !  
Who on thy martyr'd body feeds,  
A full supply for all his needs ;  
Who makes his boast of *Jesus* ev'ry day,  
Confessing him, the Life, the truth, the way.

### II.

He cannot fear the threat'ning foe ;  
He cannot any danger know ,  
While on the *Lamb*, with fixed Eyes,  
And steadfast heart, his soul relies ;  
But thro' the pow'r of *Jesu's* precious blood,  
Conqu'ring he reigns, and lives the life of *God*.

### III.

And tho' a rugged path he treads,  
Like as his captain, he ne'er dreads ;

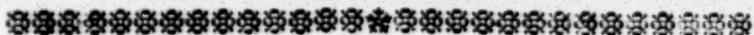
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But

But happy thro' the pow'r of faith,  
 He waits the wish'd for hour of death;  
 And joyful sings, his pilgrimage along,  
*Jesus*, his great salvation, strength, and song.

## IV.

Thus sings my soul, for I have found,  
 That safe assylum, *Jesu's* wound:  
 O may I never thence depart;  
 But love the *Lamb* with all my heart;  
 Till Zion's final trump shall summons me,  
 To mansions of eternal liberty.



*The Christian's Love.*

## I.

O May my Soul, be faster bound,  
 Than formal, brittle vows can tye;  
 Seal'd by the blood of *Jesu's* wound,  
 Ty'd to his heart eternally;  
 That this my faithless heart may prove,  
 A fixed monument of love.

## II.

'Tis all I wish, 'tis all I want,  
 A faithful lover to abide;  
 For this I daily sigh and pant,  
 Never to leave our *Saviour's* side;  
 For O such charms in *Christ* I see,  
 I only would his lover be.

## III.

His thorn-pierc'd temples, marred face,  
 In which the world no form can see,  
 Appears with such a heav'nly grace,  
 I'm ravish'd quite, his bride I'll be;  
 And there's such kindness in his heart,  
 He won't from my proposal start.

## IV.

O wond'rous love! he courteth me!  
 Was ever love like this before?  
 What can he in my person see?  
 'Tis love; I'll reason then no more:  
 He loves, because his heart is love;  
 Because he will a *Saviour* prove.

## V.

Yet oft I feel my heart so cold,  
 Such faint returns of love I make;  
 I'm quite asham'd it should be told,  
 The thought, my harden'd heart shall break,  
*I feel it melt, I yield, I'm thine;  
 And my beloved he is mine.*



*The Christian's Faith.*

Rom. viii. 35, 37, 38, 39.

## I.

**L**ET a tempting devil strive,  
 Me from *Jesu's* wounds to drive;

B 2

All

All his efforts vain shall prove,  
● To divide me from *Christ's* love.

## II.

Tribulations, sore distress,  
Persecution, nakedness,  
Famine, peril, or the sword,  
Cannot part me from my *Lord*.

## III.

Nay, should these together join,  
All at once their force combine,  
I should still a conqu'ror be,  
'Thro' the *Lord*, who loveth me.

## IV.

Death, nor life, I surely know,  
Pow'rs above, nor pow'rs below,  
Present things, nor things to come,  
Can e'er cause my soul to roam.

## V.

Heights of honour, pomp, nor praise,  
Depths of scandal, nor disgrace;  
Hell, and men their craft employ,  
Solid still, my peace and joy.

## VI.

Heights of favour, gifts of love,  
Depths of sorrow, can't remove;  
Nor no creature else divide,  
Me from *Jesus* crucify'd.



*The Church's Ingratitude.*

Jer. ii. 10, 11.

I.

SEARCH ev'ry peopled land,  
In all the earth abroad;  
Where shall we find, the abject band,  
Would leave their fancy'd God?

II.

No, tho' a senseless stock,  
Was the dumb God they had,  
They would not leave the lifeless block,  
That their own hands had made.

III.

But ye, my glory change,  
Can all my love forget,  
Can after empty shadows range,  
And turn from me your feet.

IV.

Let heav'n in wonder see,  
*Israel's* ingratitude;  
How basely *Israel* turns from me,  
From me their only good.





*Preparation for Judgment—TEKEL.*

I.

**T**H E judgment's near, the ballance hung,  
 Perfection in the scale is laid,  
 And ev'ry soul, all the vast throng,  
 Which by the pow'r of *God* were made,  
 Thro' to'ther empty scale must go,  
 And thus their finite sentence know.

II.

Sinners, who seek no righteousness,  
 What pow'r can weigh the ballance down?  
 Your gold you leave, your pomp, your dress,  
 Or had you thousands for your own,  
 Your heaps of gold are vanity;  
 And **TEKEL** would your sentence be.

III.

Self-righteous souls, who duties heap,  
 Who fasts, and feasts, and vigils mind;  
 But still are inwardly asleep,  
 What other sentence can ye find,  
 Than *Scribes* and *Pharisee's* of old?  
**TEKEL** was their's, our *Saviour* told.

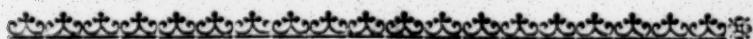
IV.

Does some poor soul now bow his head?  
 And helpless sigh, what shall I do,  
 When I am in the ballance weigh'd,  
 T'escape th' impending load of woe?

*Put on the Lord, our righteousness ;  
The Scale is pois'd, by Jesu's grace.*

## V.

United with the *Lamb* of *God*,  
Perfection don't that soul outweigh ;  
No TEKEL, where the *Saviour's* blood  
Is found, it always bears the sway ;  
And speaks the sinner wash'd therein,  
Intirely free from guilt and sin.



*Wrote in a Fever.*

## I.

WHAT pleasure have I,  
What comfort of heart ?  
I gladly could die,  
From all things depart ;  
To dwell with that *Saviour*,  
Who died on the cross,  
And there shew'd his favour  
To such souls as us.

## II.

O, when I behold  
His death on the tree !  
It cannot be told,  
How happy I be :  
My heart, in soft singing,  
Is praising my *God* ;  
Who dy'd as my off'ring,  
And bought me with blood.

I'm

## III.

I'm ravish'd thro'out,  
 Delive'rd from sin;  
 Am rais'd above doubt,  
 Have no dread within;  
 His blood, with such sweetness  
 Does rest on my heart;  
 I feel it my meetness,  
 I want to depart.

## IV.

Yet here I'm so glad,  
 I don't fret and pine;  
 I hold up my head,  
 Refresh'd with this wine,  
 The blood of my *Saviour*;  
 Which day after day,  
 Quite frames my behaviour  
 To *Jesus's* way.

## V.

O may I remain,  
 Always at thy cross;  
 And sing *He was slain,*  
*A ransom for us:*  
 Till with the great number  
 Redeem'd by thy blood,  
 I sing loud as thunder,  
 Salvation to God.



*For a Society.*

I.

**A**RE ye christians? are ye so?  
Doth the *Saviour* dwell in you?  
Is his Spirit in your heart?  
Have you in his blood a part?

II.

Come then, christians, join with me;  
Each a chearful christian be;  
Droop not; fear not; look not down;  
Look ye to the *Saviour's* crown.

III.

Let a smile from peace within,  
Speak to all our pardon'd sin;  
Joyful, let us trav'ling pass,  
Speedy our appointed race.

IV.

*Jesus* would not have us be  
Strangers to true liberty:  
Why then rest ye, strangers here,  
In the valley of despair?

V.

Look to *Christ*, his perfect love,  
Shall thy ev'ry fear remove;  
Trust in him, and you shall find  
Liberty, and Peace of mind.

*A Para-*



*A Paraphrase of the 12th of Revela.*

I.

**W**HEN *John* was by the Spirit led,  
To see the things in heaven,  
By Inspiration then he wrote,  
The *Revelation* giv'n.

II.

Where many wond'rous things are told,  
Strange to the carnal mind,  
About the *Lamb*, the Son of *God*,  
Who is to sinners kind.

III

Among the rest, he there relates  
A woman, *Jesu's* bride,  
His fav'rite spouse, appear'd in heav'n,  
Near to our *Saviour's* side.

IV.

She wore the sun of righteousness,  
*Jesus* her dress compleat ;  
All lesser lights she thought as dung,  
And trod beneath her feet.

V.

Twelve of the train, th' apostles, who  
Laid down their lives for *God* ;  
As glitt'ring stars, adorn'd the bride,  
The purchase of *Christ's* blood.

Trav'ling



## VI.

Trav'ling in birth, he says, she cry'd,  
To be deliver'd, pain'd ;  
When a great dragon red with wrath,  
As tho' from hell unchain'd,

## VII.

With all his mighty pow'r arose,  
Who thousand angels guil'd,  
And near the ransom'd woman stood,  
To slay the new-born child.

## VIII.

But soon as e'er the child was born,  
He, by a pow'r unseen,  
Was caught unto the throne of *God*,  
A king with *God* to reign.

## IX.

She fled unto the wilderness,  
But in that desert place,  
The *Lord* appointed some should feed,  
The woman with his grace.

## X.

And now, in heav'n a war arose ;  
The angels and their prince,  
Against the mighty dragon fought,  
And drove the dragon thence.

## XI.

The dragon, who the earth deceives,  
Is found no more in heav'n ;

Cast

Cast to the earth, his angels too,  
With him were headlong driv'n.

## XII.

Then *Michael*, and his angels sung,  
*Now is salvation come ;*  
*The kingdom of our Christ is fix'd ;*  
*Th' accuser finds no room.*

## XIII.

They sang, and trampled down the foe;  
By blood they overcame ;  
Regardless of their lives they fought,  
And conquer'd thro' the *Lamb*.

## XIV.

Let heav'n, and all her host rejoice,  
But woe to earth and sea ;  
For lo ! th' accuser is come down,  
Inrag'd with wrath to'rds thee.

## XV.

When satan saw his woeful fall,  
And knew his time not long,  
With all his rage, he fiercely fought,  
Against the ransom'd one.

## XVI.

But, to the woman there was giv'n  
The Wings of faith and love ;  
Two mighty wings that she might fly,  
Where she might safety prove.

## XVII.

Th' intrag'd serpent then spew'd out  
 Sin as a mighty flood;  
 To drown, or drive her soul away,  
 From the sweet paths of *God*.

## XVIII.

The earth, th' oppressed woman, help'd,  
 Swallow'd the dragon's flood;  
 The dragon vex'd, fought with her seed,  
 The follow'rs of our *God*.

## XIX.

But know, ye follow'rs of the *Lamb*,  
 He vainly fights with you:  
 Go, hide ye in the wounds of *Christ*;  
*Ye shall be conqu'rors too.*



*The Serjeant's Speech spiritualiz'd.*

## I.

**A** Minister of *Christ* our *God*,  
 Who knew the pow'r of *Jesu's* blood,  
 Had at his heart an ardent flame,  
 To tell poor souls his captain's fame:  
 In ev'ry place he sought to list,  
 Thousands of souls for *Jesus Christ*.

B

This

## II.

This was his speech : Ho! volunteers,  
 Yea each, who for God's service cares :  
 In the great troop of happy men,  
 Commanded by the *Lamb*, once slain ;  
 The chief commander of those hosts,  
 That conquest over hell can boast.

## III.

Let them to *calv'ry's* mount repair,  
 The charming'it inn I'm sure is there :  
 For your *advance* you'll there receive  
 That peace the world can never give ;  
 And enter into *present pay*,  
 Abundant treasure ev'ry day.

## IV.

The very best of *quarters* too,  
 For all that but these *quarters* view ;  
 Once ent'ring in our *Saviour's* arms,  
 Are so transported with his charms,  
 They never more can lodge elsewhere ;  
 They cannot other *quarters* bear.

## V.

And soon as you the troop shall meet,  
 Which lies encamp'd at *Jesu's* feet,  
 Your common garb you'll lay aside,  
 And take the robe in scarlet dy'd ;  
 And all *accoutrements* receive,  
 Like those who in his presence live.



*The Same.*

I.

**I** BY faith enlisted am,  
 In the service of the *Lamb* ;  
*Preſent pay* I now receive ;  
 Future happineſs he'll give :  
*I enlisted ſure ſhall be,*  
*Happy in eternity.*

II.

*Jeſus* now my captain is,  
 Conqueſt I can never miſs ;  
 Let the fiends of hell engage,  
 Fret, and foam, and roar, and rage ;  
*I his ſoldier ſure ſhall be,*  
*Happy in eternity.*

III.

What a captain have I got !  
 Is not mine a happy lott ?  
 Hear ye worldlings, hear my ſong,  
 'Tis the language of my tongue ;  
*I his ſoldier ſure ſhall be,*  
*Happy in eternity.*

IV.

Come ye worldlings, come enliſt,  
 This the voice of *Jeſus Chriſt* ;  
*Whoſoever will, may come :*  
 Willing ſoldiers, here is room ;



*You enlisted sure shall be,  
Happy in eternity.*

## V.

Other serjeants boast and say,  
None so happy, are as they ;  
Brag their captain's worth, and fame,  
Add a title to his name ;  
*Yet can't promise you shall be,  
Happy in eternity.*

## VI.

Hear the speech I now proclaim,  
*Jesus* is my captain's name,  
Now I loudly notice give,  
Sinners all, who pant to live ;  
*You enlisted sure shall be,  
Happy in eternity.*

## VII.

Be perswaded, take his pay,  
All your sins he'll wash away ;  
Now in *Jesus's* name believe,  
Future happiness he'll give,  
*Yes, in heaven you shall be,  
Happy in eternity.*

For the Sabbath.

I.

O U R great *Jehovah* claim'd a day,  
 And own'd it with peculiar pow'r;  
 He said at first, it bless'd should be;  
 Then did the *Jews* their *God* adore,  
 And on that day did surely prove,  
 A double measure of his love.

II.

But as the blessings *Jesus* gave,  
 With greater love, and lustre shone,  
 When rising from the conquer'd grave,  
 He show'd the mighty work was done:  
 So the bright sabbath of our day,  
 Shines with a better, milder ray.

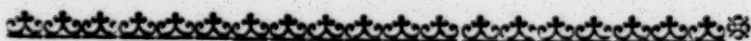
III.

What, was their sabbath sweet to them?  
 Then did they prove peculiar grace?  
 How should a christian's heart now flame?  
 Our sabbath shows our *Saviour's* face:  
 Thy pow'r *Jesus*, makes us say,  
 This first day, is *thy sabbath-day*.

IV.

We'd keep it holy to our *God*;  
 Nor speak our words nor think our tho'ts;  
 O let thy perfect cleansing blood,  
 Now wash away our thousand faults;

That this, a heav'nly day may prove,  
A sign, a token, of thy love.



*Christ the Rose and Lillie.*

I.

**S**HARON's rose may boast it's bloom,  
Wide diffuse it's choice perfume,  
Ev'ry budding flow'r out-do,  
With it's charming crimson view ;  
And in ev'ry field,  
Beauty, and sweet fragrance yield :  
Thus it paints God's loveliness,  
Speaks his charms, and tenderness.

II.

I am *sharon's* rose, he sayth ;  
Give me *Saviour*, give me faith ;  
'Thy rich loveliness to view,  
Banquet on thy fragrance too :  
*Sharons's* rose was free,  
*Christ* who dy'd upon the tree,  
Freely does his charms disclose ;  
Jesus, *he is sharon's rose.*

III.

Roses, deck'd the people gay,  
As an ornament were they,  
Whoso to a feast would go,  
Roses us'd to crown his brow ;

## H Y M N S.

31

Such th' appointed guest,  
Such were welcome to the feast;  
*Sharon's* rose it made them fine,  
Crown'd them with an air divine.

### IV.

*J*esus, *he is Sharon's* rose;  
*J*esus crown my worthless brows;  
He an ornament for me,  
So shall I admitted be  
to th' eternal feast;  
Be at *God's* right hand a guest,  
Banquet at that feast of love,  
Which I sigh, and long to prove.

### V.

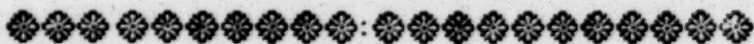
Lillies of the vale, how white!  
Form'd for fragrance, and delight,  
Typifie that perfectness,  
Which does all our tho'ts surpass;  
Mingled with the rose,  
Greater beauties still disclose;  
One makes t' others colours shine,  
Speaks the mixture all divine.

### VI.

Lillie of the vale, thou art,  
Fair and sweet in ev'ry part  
Thou the perfectness I want;  
For thy righteousness I pant:  
Rose, and lillie too,  
In my dying *Lord* I view;

*Jesu's*

*Jesus* charms, and wounds disclose,  
Both the lillie, and the rose.



*Qui fingit sacros auro vel marmore vultus ;  
Non facit ille Deos : qui colit ille facit.*

## I.

**H**OW shall I *Jesus*'s glories tell ?  
Shall I in gold display,  
With workmanship unspeakable,  
His bright, and heav'nly ray.

## II.

Or shall I streaky marble take,  
Polish'd with nicer art ;  
And thus his excellencies speak ;  
This won't describe his heart.

## III

No, all these images are vain,  
Tho' guilded ever so ;  
It is not all the arts of men,  
His loveliness can show.

## IV.

Must studied pray'r, and lofty voice,  
Ecchoe around his throne ?  
A splendid dress, or munck's noise ;  
Delight the *Lofty-one* ?

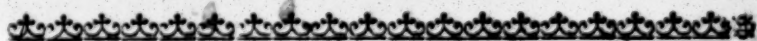


## V.

No no, 'tis he that worships right,  
 Who's humble spirit prays,  
 Always to have his *God* in sight,  
 Always to taste his grace.

## VI.

Who, with a serious broken pray'r,  
 And a poor stamm'ring tongue,  
 Does, *Jesus* all in all declare,  
 Thro' all his ceaseless song.

JOHN BUNYAN'S *Robin-Red-breast*.

## I.

**A**S little robins, pert, and fair,  
 As many false professors are;  
 In carriage, christian-like, and free,  
 Found in the best of company.

## II.

With cheerfull look, they seem to feed,  
 On gospel truth, on living bread;  
 And in the church, from day, to day,  
 Can weep, and sigh, and sing, and pray.

## III.

But see, is no one christian near,  
 They then, can swallow other fare;  
 Can mock, and lye, and idly talk,  
 And like the senceless worldlings walk.

As

## IV.

As robins, who with crumbs are fed,  
And harmless gather up the bread;  
At other times can spiders eat,  
And count such fare exceeding sweet.

## V.

So have I oft professors seen,  
Assembled with the christian men,  
With eyes fix'd on the minister,  
As tho' they lov'd the gospel fare :

## VI.

But on the morrow, worldly quite,  
Could rattle, quarrel, lie, and fight;  
Could drink, and smoak, and lov'd the wine;  
For false professors are but swine.

JOHN BUNYAN'S *Unquenchable Fire.*

## I.

**T**HAT faith which I of *Christ* receiv'd,  
When in his name I first believ'd;  
Is by this flame expressly shown,  
Which many waters cannot drown.

## II.

How strange the sight, it brighter seems,  
And with a greater splendour flames;  
But hear now what experience told,  
That will the mystery unfold.

The

## III.

The other side, by those unseen,  
 Who never on that side have been ;  
 A man with oil, the fire sustains,  
 And makes but fruitless t' others pains.

## IV.

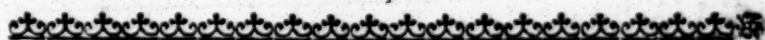
So faith, sustain'd by *Jesus's* blood,  
 Withstands temptation's frightful flood ;  
 And but the brighter shines for all,  
 For *Jesus* is behind the wall.

## V.

The wall of fence, which limits quite,  
 The farthest reach of humane sight :  
 Then those, who have our *Saviour* seen,  
 Beyond the wall of fence have been.

## VI.

And is my *Jesus* then the man,  
 That doth the flame of faith sustain ?  
 Then *Jesus*, ever I'll adore,  
 'Till time itself shall be no more.



*The History of Christ.*

## I.

**W**HEN tedious years were all expir'd,  
 And times rich fullness came ;  
 The *Lamb*, so long, so much desir'd,  
 Big with his own love flame ;

His

His throne, and heav'nly host would leave,  
Salvation to lost souls to give.

## II.

No heralds, with a regal show,  
Usher'd the great One in :  
No equipage, proclaim'd below,  
The entrance of this King ;  
Nor hery carrs, with thund'ring noise,  
Spoke this the spring, of promis'd joys.

## III.

Had *Jesus* thus the world amaz'd,  
And with majestick mien,  
In all his godlike glory blaz'd ;  
Then had there reason been,  
For sinful men in fear to cry,  
We dare not to this *God* draw nigh.

## IV.

But he, who came to banish fear,  
To raise to happiness ;  
To bear our pond'rous load of care,  
And end our soul's distress ;  
In milder form, his entrance made ;  
An infant in a manger laid.

## V.

Strange then, so many trembling stand,  
As tho' a tyrant spoke ;  
No, 'tis a babe, a child, your friend ;  
Love is his only yolk :



See in the manger the meek boy ;  
Boldly draw near and share his joy.

## VI.

While thus demean'd to carnal fight,  
In swadling cloaths he lay ;  
Three distant kings, with glad delight,  
Rode a long rugged way ;  
And humbly richest off'rings gave,  
To him, who came their souls to save.

## VII.

Some shepherds too, with ravish'd hearts,  
Who heard from heav'n the news,  
Wing'd with the joy, the *Lord* imparts,  
To *bethlem's* stable go,  
And saw it, as the angel said ;  
The *God* was in a manger laid.

## VIII.

Their hearts so taken with the sight,  
Of this, the promis'd sign ;  
Their mouths confess'd with sweet delight,  
To all, the man divine :  
Whoever doth the mist'ry see,  
A preacher of the truth will be.

## IX.

*Annas* and *simeon* next confess'd,  
The little child their *God* ;  
Their bondage fled, no more distress'd,  
While they beheld his blood :



The blood in circumcision spilt,  
Made clean their hearts, from inward guilt.

## X.

Twelve tedious years obscure he liv'd,  
As *Joseph's* little child ;  
With inward sorrow deeply griev'd,  
Yet gentle, meek, and mild :  
None thought the little *nazareen*  
The *Saviour* of poor sinful men.

## XI.

'Twas then the doctors of the law,  
Who in the temple fate,  
Such depths of wond'rous wisdom saw,  
In all that *Jesus* spake ;  
In great astonishment they stood,  
But could not think *a child their God*.

## XII.

Still subject, till his 30th year,  
To *Joseph* and his wife ;  
He liv'd no doubt a carpenter,  
A very servile life :  
O ! what abasement those souls know,  
Who see their *God* so very low.

## XIII.

To put the legal yolk away,  
And set us captives free ;  
All righteousness would he obey,  
Our righteousness to be :

So was baptiz'd in *jordan's* stream,  
The father's well belov'd, his name.

## XIV.

Then meekly, as a *Lamb* that's dumb,  
Beneath the slayer's hand,  
He left the town, his little home,  
And in a desert land,  
A dismal waste, a wilderness,  
He felt all nature's sharp distress.

## XV.

Here 'twas he our temptations knew ;  
Hunger, and bondage sore,  
And all distress the *Lamb* went through ;  
What could the *Lamb* do more ?  
A fast of forty tedious days,  
Harass'd in satan's painful ways.

## XVI.

No place to lay his aking head ;  
Foxes and birds have rest ;  
But he, in the poor sinner's stead,  
Was grievously distress'd ;  
Tempted his fiery wrath to show,  
When love he came to let us know.

## XVII.

High on the dang'rous lofty top  
Of some vast pinnacle,  
The *Lord* was set, and bid to drop,  
And fear not as he fell :

But mild he answer'd Satan, so  
As every tempted soul should do.

## XVIII.

More bold the loosen'd tempter still,  
The sufferer gladly led  
Up to the top of a vast hill,  
And all enticements spread  
Before his eyes, that he should fall,  
And own the devil lord of all.

## XIX.

Thus did he all temptations try,  
Satan no more could do ;  
Our *Saviour* bid the tempter fly,  
The tempter's forc'd to go ;  
And leave the *Lamb* a conqueror,  
O'er all his subtil craft and pow'r.

## XX.

Our *Saviour* next in *gallilee*  
Became a preacher then ;  
And boldly spoke salvation free,  
To all distressed men :  
This was the end for which he came,  
A witness of the truth, our *Lamb*.

## XXI.

A few his gracious words receiv'd,  
While many others mock'd ;  
Happy those, who *Jesus* believ'd,  
Who to his sermons flock'd :

The *publicans* and *sinners* throng  
His congregations, all along.

## XXII.

The proud, the rich, the righteous ones,  
Who thought (him *joseph's* son)  
The preacher and his words too mean;  
No period's pleasing tone,  
Their itching ears to satisfy,  
Or pompous dress, to please the eye.

## XXIII.

But those, who felt their deep distress,  
Whose pain at heart was great,  
Who knew they had no righteousness,  
And saw their fallen state,  
Were very glad the *Lamb* to prove,  
So full of truth, and tender love.

## XXIV.

Various the ways his love was shown,  
His words, not harsh like *john's*,  
No legal tasks to press us down,  
Or cause despairing groans :  
But kindly say'd *whoever thirst*,  
*Has free deliv'rance from the curse.*

## XXV.

Impossible the love to speak  
Which in the *Lamb* was found ;  
Who sees it, sure his heart will break,  
Will feel the love-sick wound,

Which makes a sinner inly mourn,  
To see how much the *Lamb* has born.

## XXVI.

If scorn, contempt, and poverty,  
Do not his love confess;  
A stranger scene, ye sinners see,  
A *God* in deep distress,  
Fall'n on the ground, and sweating Blood,  
Sinking beneath the sinners load.

## XXVII.

Yet further still his mis'ries trace,  
And see a rebel crowd,  
By *judas* led, *judas* the base,  
Who sold the *Lamb* of *God*,  
With swords and staves, against him come,  
Whose heart was open for their home.

## XXVIII.

He flies not from the threat'ning crew,  
But undisturb'd enquir'd,  
*Whom seek ye?* and then back they drew,  
Yea thunder-struck retir'd;  
Fell prostrate on the ground, till he,  
Meekly their captive chose to be.

## XXIX.

He then to *annas* hurried was,  
And *caiphas* the priest,  
And thence to *pilate* without cause,  
As *pilate* then confess'd;

When



When he did to the people call,  
*In him I find no fault at all.*

## XXX.

But still so strange was nature bent,  
Against the *Lamb of God*,  
They senseless of his kind intent,  
To shed his precious blood ;  
A thief prefer'd, despis'd the *Lamb*,  
Who for their soul's salvation came.

## XXXI.

*Pilate* unwilling to condemn  
A just, a harmless man ;  
Spoke thrice, and loud appeal'd to them,  
*Wherefore should he be slain ?*  
I'll scourge the man and let him go ;  
'Tis all the law will let us do.

## XXXII.

But loud the judgment-hall resounds,  
*Let him be crucify'd !*  
Their shouts and noise justice confounds ;  
*Pilate* no more reply'd,  
But wash'd his hands, and said to all,  
*I'm clear, on you the curse must fall.*

## XXXIII.

In bold defiance of our *God*,  
They said, to let it be,  
*On us be poured all his blood,*  
*And our posterity.*

Then

Then was the murderer releas'd,  
Justice withstood, the people pleas'd.

## XXXIV.

And now a soul instructing scene,  
Before our view's reveal'd;  
The *Lord* is scourg'd, who knew no sin,  
And by his stripes we're heal'd:  
When thus the *Lord* was scourg'd for us,  
They led him forth to bear his cross.

## XXXV.

But first, they wreath'd a thorny crown,  
And fetch'd a scarlet dress;  
And put the regal garment on,  
To heighten his distress;  
And forc'd the thorns upon his head,  
Till *Jesu's* sacred temples bled.

## XXXVI.

A reed a sceptre's place supply'd,  
And then in mockery,  
They loudly in derision cry'd,  
*Hail! hail! great majesty!*  
Then strip'd him of his regal dress;  
Who can his sufferings express?

## XXXVII.

Now thro' the open street he goes,  
While *simon* bears his cross;  
Women in crouds bewail his woes,  
Who see him suff'ring thus:

He turns, and says, *don't weep for me;  
Weep for your selves and families.*

## XXXVIII.

Now at the noted *calvary*,  
With nails they pierce my *God*;  
And fix his body to the tree,  
From whence descends his blood :  
He only cries, *forgive ! forgive !*  
And let my bloody murd'ers live.

## XXXIX.

Thus nailed on the cross he hung,  
Derided by the crowd ;  
O hear the senseless, cruel throng !  
Hundreds cry out aloud,  
*Is he the Christ ? then let him save  
His body from the cross and grave.*

## XL.

The priests and elders, like the rest,  
In whom proud nature reign'd,  
Join'd with the vulgar in their jest,  
And *Jesus Christ* profan'd :  
*Others he sav'd, they mocking say;  
But see he falls death's easy prey.*

## XLI.

While men in general mock him thus,  
Nature in darkness mourns ;  
While *Jesus* hangs upon the cross,  
Chaos itself returns :

Darkness

Darkness and earthquakes speak him *God* ;  
And all things tell his pow'r abroad.

## XLII.

He calmly all their scoffing hears,  
Pities the thoughtless crowd ;  
Makes them the subject of his pray'rs,  
Before his Father, *God* :  
Forgive ! forgive ! *Immanuel* cries ;  
Their blindness makes them me despise.

## XLIII.

Again he groans, *my God ! my God !*  
Where are thy mercies gone ?  
Who can describe the mighty load,  
That thus could press him down :  
O'twas ten thousand, thousands faults !  
My wicked words, and acts, and thoughts.

## XLIV.

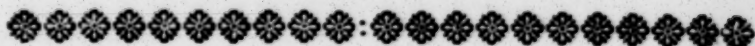
Now the great mystery's display'd ;  
Eternal *Jesus* dies ;  
Father ! the *Lord* submissive said,  
The Father hears his cries :  
His spirit to his Father goes,  
Releas'd from all our conquer'd foes.

## XLV.

Now is the Father's wrath appeas'd ;  
The great redemption seal'd ;  
*God* with his people fully pleas'd,  
And heaven it self reveal'd.

Let

Let *Jesus* then share all our songs ;  
To him eternal praise belongs.



*In answer to one saying, the prayer of the  
wicked is an abomination to the Lord ;  
using it as argument against praying.*

## I.

**A**ND doth the tempter say,  
Your prayers will not avail ?  
So that you now may cease to pray,  
And be content with hell ?

## II.

'Tis wresting of *God's* word ;  
'Tis true, the word declares,  
Abomination to the *Lord*  
Is the vile sinner's pray'rs.

## III.

But when a sinner sighs,  
And mourns with broken heart ;  
The tender *Jesus* minds his cries,  
And instant takes his part.

## IV.

For when we mercy seek,  
The pray'r is not our own ;  
*God's* spirit gives us thus to speak,  
Yes, 'tis the Spirit's groan.



## V.

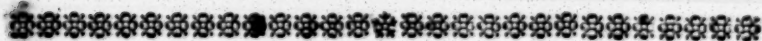
The wicked's pray'r is thus :  
*I so, and so have done ;*  
*Deserve eternal happiness ;*  
*Reward me with my own.*

## IV.

And pray, is this your pray'r ?  
 'Tis mercy that you seek ;  
 The *Lord* does all your groanings hear,  
 Will soon deliv'rance speak.

## VII.

Then ceaseless cry to *God*,  
 Till he salvation bring ;  
 Till you shall feel th' atoning blood,  
 And learn free grace to sing.



*At the Love Feast.*

## I.

**D**ID *jude* the antient church accuse,  
 Who did their feasts of love abuse ?  
 Let this then teach us to improve,  
 Our feasts of charity and love.

## II.

Did *paul* its sacred use forbid  
 'Cause *corinth's* church like gluttons fed ?  
 Or like the drunkards, us'd the wine,  
 Making themselves like beastly swine ?

Yet

## III.

Yet *paul* in spirit then declar'd,  
 When Christ is present, our reward,  
*All things in order should be had;*  
 And love-feasts, feasts of love be made.

## IV.

Believers, now the time is come,  
 Lo! our *Father* says, *there's room:*  
 Then join ye in the present feast,  
 Who are of charity possest.

## V.

No gluttons, nor are drunkards here,  
 Water, and bread, our only fare:  
 No spot shall now our love-feast stain,  
 But love in ev'ry heart shall reign.



*On the late Victory at Culloden.*

## I.

**H**OW loud should *britons* shout,  
 The praises of their *God*?  
 Sure we should aim, the loftiest note,  
 To blaze his fame abroad.

## II.

Come, O my soul arise,  
 His tenderness record;  
 And shout till all, the ecchoing skies,  
 shall sound our *Jesus Lord*.

D

'Twas

## III.

'Twas he the vict'ry won ;  
 He trampled down the foe ;  
 He, 'twas that aided *George's Son*  
 To strike the conqu'ring blow.

## IV.

He blasted hell's designs,  
 And spoil'd the threatening pow'rs ;  
*In William's arm Emanuel shines,*  
*And speaks that God is ours.*

## V.

'Twas he the youth upheld,  
 And chas'd the foe away ;  
 The righteous *God* was in the field,  
 And rebels well might flee.

## VI.

He quell'd their upstart pride,  
 And struck some thousands dead ;  
 All thanks that *God* was on our side,  
 And bruis'd the serpents head.

## VII.

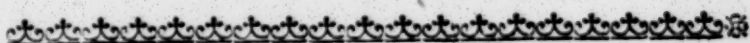
The serpent laid the scheme,  
 His instruments employ'd ;  
 'Twas *france*, and *rome* that work'd for him,  
 That fought against our *God*.

## VIII.

Praise *God* in loftiest strains,  
 Remember *culloden* ;

While

While any sense, or life remains,  
Think of the purple plain.



## ANOTHER.

I.

WE shout aloud to *israel's* God,  
Who hath the rage of hell destroy'd;  
Eternal blessings to his name,  
Let *britain's* fav'rite isle proclaim.

## II.

How wond'rous was his pow'r display'd !  
Mark how the swelling tide was stay'd,  
When popish hearts, inflam'd with hell,  
With flush'd success began to swell.

### III.

Then royal *William*, great and brave,  
Was call'd by *God* our lives to save;  
And aided by a pow'r divine,  
Soon spoil'd the devil's black design.

## IV.

Tho' at the first a strange success  
Did all the foes of *britain* please;  
Yet *britain's God*, with *William's* arm,  
Did soon our thousand foes disarm.

V.

When in the field their strength they try'd  
Choak'd with their blood was all their pride;  
D 2 Their

Their vauntings into groans were turn'd,  
And torments rag'd where pride had burn'd.

## VI.

Soon was the glorious change perciev'd,  
Oppressed towns their peace reciev'd,  
Their former liberties possest,  
No more with popish rage oppress.

## VII.

And shall not mercies like to these,  
Bid base ingratitude to cease?  
O may it teach my soul to praise,  
*Emanuel* in ten thousand lays.



*General Intercession.*

## I.

**M**IGHTY disposer of all things,  
Thou ruler of a thousand kings,  
Who turns the haughtiest soul;  
Pity all blinded kings, we pray,  
Who now embrace the *popish* way,  
From *north* to *southern* pole.

## II.

That all, as pow'rs ordain'd of *God*,  
May rightly sway the sov'reign rod,  
And nursing fathers be;  
Till *israel's* borders know no bound,  
Till ev'ry where a church is found,  
Espous'd dear *Lord* to thee.

We



## III.

We loudly thank thee *for our King ;*  
*For George let ev'ry britain sing,*  
*Eternal thanks to God ;*  
*He is the pow'r the Lord ordains,*  
*We glad embrace his silken chains,*  
*Or spend for him our blood.*

## IV.

O may he long, with rays divine,  
On *britain's* fav'rite island shine,  
Till *britain's* more than blest ;  
*Preserve his soul, his throne uphold,*  
*Crown him with better wealth than gold,*  
*With solid christian rest.*

## V.

O that his counsellors may be,  
In ev'ry matter, taught by thee,  
To order all things right ;  
That ev'ry act of parliment  
May serve some wise, some good intent,  
In our *Redeemer's* fight.

## VI.

Let officers enact our laws,  
Assert the glory of thy cause,  
And keep their conscience clear ;  
Punishing vice, of ev'ry kind,  
Reforming all the humane kind,  
By their religious care.

## VII.

O that all ministers of *God*  
 May preach his righteouſneſs, and blood,  
 And right divide the word ;  
 Telling the ſouls, undone by ſin,  
 A *Saviour's* blood can make them clean,  
 And bring them near the *Lord*.

## VIII.

Let congregations glad receive  
 The truth, and in the *Lord* believe ;  
 That thouſand ſouls ſet free,  
 May ſhout the riches of thy grace,  
 Till all the earth ſhall ring with praiſe,  
 With praiſe dear *Lord* to thee.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Going to a New Habitation.*

## I.

**H**ERE may *Jeſus* lodge with me,  
 Bleſs me with his company ;  
 Laying down, and riſing up,  
 Shine upon me *iſrael's* hope.

## II.

If I 'wake, in hours of night,  
*Lord* be thou my ſole delight ;  
 Sleeping, if it be thy will,  
 May I dream of *nebo's* hill.

## III.

When the morning sun I see,  
Brighter sun do thou warm me ;  
When I shall my body dress,  
May I eye thy righteousness.

## IV.

While I wash the outward part,  
Blood of *Jesus* wash my heart ;  
Then, when I go forth, I pray,  
Keep me *Saviour* all the day.

## V.

When I set me down at home,  
Graciously my *Saviour* come ;  
If I talk, or read, or write,  
May I have my *God* in sight.

## VI.

If I silent musing set,  
May I sweetly meditate,  
On the boundless love of *God* ;  
On the *Lamb* who shed his blood.

## VII.

When so e'er I eat, or drink,  
May I so of *Jesus* think,  
All may to his glory tend,  
Be thy glory, my great end.

## VIII.

Make me *Lamb*, a shining light,  
Circumspect, and truly bright ;

Keep

Keep me in the perfect way,  
Shine upon me night and day.



*Before* S E R M O N.

I.

**Y**E helpless souls, your *Saviour* see,  
Rest not estrang'd to liberty,  
Rest not in carnal ways;  
But get acquainted with the *Lamb*;  
Place all your trust in his great name,  
And so enjoy his grace.

II.

Should you who frequently have heard  
Our *Saviour's* dying grace declar'd,  
Neglect his proffer'd love;  
Pray what excuse can such souls make,  
When false foundations, all shall shake,  
All from their centre move?

III.

'The day's at hand, the fire is nigh,  
Which each man's works shall surely try;  
What work can stand that flame?  
Man's legal gifts, his formal pray'r,  
I'm sure the test will never bear;  
These leave the soul in shame.

## IV.

Trust in the *Lord*, build on that rock,  
Such souls endure the final shock ;  
Yea, no confusion know :  
While in the sea of trouble here,  
They happy thro' all dangers steer,  
Are happy here below

## V.

But O what boundless happiness!  
What seas of joy! what floods of peace!  
Is there prepar'd above ?  
Prepar'd for these who trust in *God* ?  
All the vast purchase of his blood,  
The depths of all his love.

## VI.

To know these depths I daily pant,  
Would grounded be ; ah, *Lord* ! I want  
A settlement in thee !  
O root ! O 'stablish me in love !  
All of those riches may I prove  
That treasur'd are in thee.

## VII.

Whoever thirsts, O hear his voice !  
Drink freely of celestial joys ;  
Come and abundant drink :  
His voice quite breaks my heart, *what me* !  
O ! then his grace is truly free ;  
*Lord* at thy feet I sink.

And

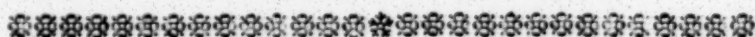


## VIII.

And dearest *Saviour*, I would stay  
At thy pierc'd feet, from day to day ;

O ! fix me there my *God* !

That I may never *Jesus* grieve,  
But in his church's sheeptold live,  
Near to his wounds and blood.



*Parting with a Minister.*

## I.

O *JESUS* this thy servant keep,  
And give him grace to feed thy sheep ;  
Wherever he shall go from hence,  
The gospel tydings to dispense.

## II.

We now commit him to thy care,  
Much of thy spirit may he share ;  
In heavenly knowledge daily grow,  
And more of *Jesu's* wisdom know.

## III.

More of thy glory let him see,  
That he may more experienc'd be ;  
That he the word may right divide,  
Being a faithful well taught guide.

# H Y M N S.

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## IV.

In ev'ry place where he shall speak,  
Altho his labours are but weak,  
Thy great, thy mighty pow'r display,  
That hundreds may his call obey.

## V.

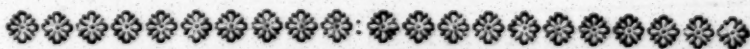
Direct the path thou'dst have him go,  
His master's footsteps may he know;  
And dayly strength'ned tread therein,  
Trampling on all the pow'rs of sin.

## VI.

Farewell, thou stripling, now we say,  
Go and thy master's call obey;  
Bold for thy *Lord* proclaim abroad,  
The saving pow'r of *Jesu's* blood.

## VII.

And when the *Lord* shall bid thee come,  
Our open'd hearts will give thee room  
*To hear again a babe proclaim*  
*The lofty merits of the Lamb.*



## ANOTHER.

### I.

**S**trengthen this preacher of thy grace,  
Be with him, *Lord*, in ev'ry place,  
And bless his ministry;  
That he a thousand souls may win,

And

And trample down the pow'rs of sin,  
Till he shall reign with thee.

## II.

Go with him on his journey now,  
And bear him always prosp'rous thro'  
The dangers he may meet;  
Shine on him, *Saviour*, ev'ry day,  
Prosper his word, his work, and way,  
Reward his pain and sweat.

## III.

May he his heavenly mission mind,  
Publish thy grace to all mankind,  
In every place he goes;  
Encrease the congregations, *Lord*,  
That wait upon thy saving word,  
In each appointed house.

## IV.

We thank thee for his labours here;  
Water the seed, and let it bear  
A thousand fold to *God*;  
Return him, if it please thee well,  
Again thy matchless grace to tell,  
Again to preach thy blood.



*Before Preaching.*

## I.

**O** M A Y the great misterious grace,  
Brought in to save a dying race,

Be sweetly thro' th' assembly shed ;  
 Ravish thy bride, and raise the dead,  
 That they in raptur'd strains may join,  
 To praise the *God*, the *Man* divine.

## II.

The *Godman* author of this love,  
 Victoriously in our hearts move,  
 And with his mighty pow'r subdue  
 Our nature, and our idols to ;  
 Till ev'ry tow'ring, selfish thought,  
 Be wholly in subjection brought.

## III.

The grov'ling subjects deep oppress'd,  
 Who pant to share the gospel rest,  
 We pray the *Saviour* to set free,  
 That they, with those in liberty,  
 May shout the things, the wondrous things,  
 Transacted by the king of kings.

## IV.

Come mourning souls the sceptre see,  
 Out stretch'd in wond'rous clemency ;  
 The golden sceptre of his *word*,  
 Bespeaks your souls the *Lord's* regard ;  
 A sea of comfort's promis'd there,  
 Then why should mourning souls despair ?

## V.

Indeed he is not far from you,  
 Whose hearts are pierced through and through

E

With

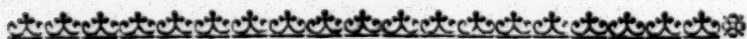
With sin's intollerable weight ;  
 Who can't by works deliv'rance get,  
 Who pant for *Jesu's* righteousness ;  
 He soon shall end your deep distress.

## VI.

Is it not now a gospel hour ?  
 A day of our dear *Saviour's* pow'r ?  
 We'll calmly then in spirit wait ;  
 'Tis good to set at mercy's gate :  
 The *Lord* is surely good to such,  
 They shall the golden sceptre touch.

## VII.

O let the sceptre's quick'ning sway,  
 Convince the blind, direct the way,  
 That terminates in endless bliss,  
 The paths of perfect righteousness ;  
 And may we heartily embrace  
 The pleasant ways of gospel grace.



*Seeking to know the Gospel.*

## I.

**T**HE *Lord* has sweetly brought to light  
 Eternal happiness ;  
 In love has chas'd the legal night,  
 Which caus'd such deep distress.

## II.

Then why are men in bondage still,  
 Strangers to *Jesu's* grace ?

'Tis



'Tis 'cause they know not *Jeſu's* will,  
And wander from his ways.

## III.

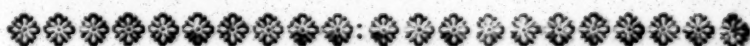
How ſhall I learn the will of *God*?  
How tread the paths of peace?  
I hear the way is mark'd with blood,  
And leads to righteouſneſs.

## IV.

But nat'ral darkneſs blinds my eyes,  
I can't the path diſcern;  
I'm loſt in wonder, and ſurpriſe,  
Know not which way to turn.

## V.

O may the *Spirit* ſhow the road!  
The path to perfect day;  
Reveal the precious drops of blood,  
And keep me in the way.

*Before Preaching*

## I.

**B**RIGHTEST ſun, whoſe ſparkling rays,  
Fills the thirſty ſoul with grace;  
Here thy radiant beams diſplay,  
Drive our darkneſs all away.

## II.

Should'st thou now refuse to shine,  
 How would weary sinners pine ?  
 Art thou not the sinners friend ?  
 Shine, and all their sadness end.

## III.

Let thy beams, as piercing darts,  
 Penetrate the hardest hearts ;  
 Love has charms the rocks to move,  
*Nothing melts like Jesu's love.*

## IV.

Is a sinner inly taught,  
 How the *Lord* his soul hath bought,  
 With the price of his own blood ?  
 Sure that soul will love his *God*.

## V.

*Spirit* now, the truth reveal,  
 Show in *Jesu's* hands the seal ;  
 Show the nail-prints, marks of love ;  
 Ev'ry anxious doubt remove.

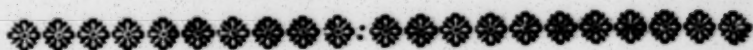
## VI.

But his wounded side display,  
 Show the stream, the crimson way,  
 Crystal river of his blood,  
 That shall bear our souls to *God*.

## VII.

He that ventures in this sea,  
 He alone can happy be ;

*None can reach the port above,  
But who sails the sea of love.*



*A description of the Church.*

I.

**S** A T A N hath blinded all the world,  
Deceived the race of men ;  
Made thousands think no danger's nigh,  
Though they *still dwell in sin* :  
And those who cannot take this bait,  
But fear impending woe,  
In troops are otherways deceiv'd,  
Thinking *good works shall do*.

II.

Are there a troop, escap'd this snare ?  
Who know their works are vain ;  
Yet fore deceiv'd, *they notions bugg*,  
Thoughts floating on the brain :  
But see, some souls much farther led,  
Led in the ways of grace ;  
But soon *puff'd up with self and pride*,  
Still blind in fatan's ways.

III.

'Thus great the sway of this world's God !  
Thousands his subjects are ;  
And all his subjects are but slaves,  
But fancy'd pleasures share ;

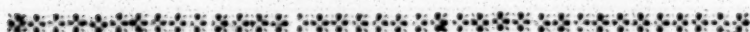
Pleasures, which are but golden chains,  
 To make the prey secure;  
 Or fancy'd Peace, like silken cords,  
 To bind the slaves quite sure.

## IV.

But see, a little company!  
 Leaving the world behind;  
 Loos'd from these chains, and silken cords,  
 No longer dark or blind;  
*Not resting in their sins secure,*  
*Or saying, works shall do;*  
*Nor resting in their noble schemes,*  
*Or what their fathers knew.*

## V.

But little, low at *Jesu's* feet,  
 Drinking his precious blood;  
 Abiding always at the cross,  
 and living on their *God*:  
 These little worms, will pow'r divine,  
 Trample the serpent down;  
 Are made, by *Jesus*, kings, and priests,  
 Ordain'd to *zion's* throne.



## The LESSON,

## I.

**O**H, miracle of grace divine!  
 And am I, dearest *Saviour*, thine?  
 Bought with thy precious blood?  
 Redeem'd from all the devil's snares?

From

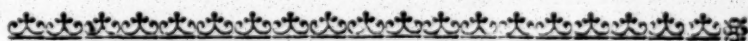
From riches, pomp, and worldly cares?  
How shall I love my *God*?

## II.

His bleeding side shall teach me how,  
While at the cross's foot I bow,  
And his pierc'd heart discern;  
Oh may I bow there, night, and day,  
And never once from *calv'ry* stray,  
Till I this lesson learn.

## III.

To have my heart on *Jesus* fixt,  
No longer wand'ring thus betwixt  
Him and some other thing;  
But wholly on him always rest,  
And learn to know, of none but *Christ*,  
*Of none beside him, sing.*

*Hope in G O D.*

## I.

**I**T is not right that I should grieve,  
And thus dejected mourn:  
Look up my soul again believe,  
And to thy rest return.  
See, see the *Saviour's* dying love,  
It is entirely free;  
No longer reason look, and prove;  
*Indeed he dy'd for thee.*

What



## II.

What though my soul is all unclean,  
Black as a brand of hell ;  
Within, without, a source of sin,  
Yea, worse than tongue can tell ;  
Yet see, my soul, the *Saviour's* love,  
It is entirely free ;  
No longer reason, look, and prove ;  
*Indeed he dy'd for thee.*

## III.

Though full of wand'ring thoughts I am,  
And often turn astray,  
Daily backslide, and wound the *Lamb*,  
Forfaking him the way ;  
Yet see, my soul, the *Saviour's* love,  
Is is entirely free ;  
No longer reason, look, and prove ;  
*Indeed he dy'd for thee.*

## IV.

Though like a foolish virgin I,  
Slumber, and doze, and sleep ;  
And senseless, like a dead dog lie,  
Among our *Saviour's* sheep ;  
Yet see my soul, the *Saviour's* love,  
It is entirely free ;  
No longer reason, look, and prove ;  
*Indeed he dy'd for thee.*

## V.

Is *Jeſu's* love ſo free as this ?

I cannot then diſpair :

Now I believe, and taſte the bliſs ;

*Oh, Chriſt is paſt compare !*

Now I behold his dying love ;

Oh, 'tis entirely free !

Reas'nings be gone, Oh, now I prove,

*Indeed he dy'd for me.*



*The Neceſſity of Righteouſneſs.*

## I.

**M**Y raptur'd tongue  
Shall ſing this ſong ;

*Jeſus* hath dy'd,

For me was crucifi'd,

And ſhed his precious blood,

A flood ;

Condemning ſin,

And bringing in

Pure righteouſneſs ;

The ſinner's wedding dreſs.

## II.

In which, compleat,

For *zion* meet,

A ſinner ſtands,

Deliver'd from all bands ;

Waiting

Waiting to hear the sound,  
Rebound,  
From heav'n above,  
(Those realms of love )  
*The bridegroom comes ;*  
*Arise ye from your tombs.*

## III.

A doleful voice,  
An awful noice,  
To all of those  
Who sin's short pleasures chose,  
Before the life of faith ;  
And death,  
And darknefs too,  
And scenes of wee,  
Before true peace,  
*Imputed righteousness.*

## IV.

To such as them,  
God, as a flame,  
Will sure appear ;  
And sink them in despair,  
In endless flames of hell ;  
And fill  
Their consciences,  
With all the lees  
Of that dread cup,  
Which man can ne'er drink up.

## V.

Come then, be wise,  
 The *Saviour* prize ;  
 His righteousness  
 Aloud in faith confess ;  
 And bold, to all maintain,  
 'Tis plain,  
     Nothing will do  
     To screen from woe,  
     To please our *God*,  
 But *Jesu's* precious blood.

## VI.

Then nothing plead,  
 In every need ;  
 And nothing prize,  
 But this one sacrifice,  
 The bloody spotless *Lamb*,  
 Who came  
     And shed his blood,  
     Guiltless, and good ;  
     And pav'd a way,  
 In which the fool can't stray.

## VII.

I walk therein,  
 Redeem'd from sin ;  
 While I look up  
 To *Christ*, who drank the cup  
 Once in *gethsamani*,  
 For me ;

And

And on the hill,  
 Finish'd the will,  
 The will of *God*;  
 And seal'd it with his blood.

## VII.

Oh, may I gaze  
 Then all my days,  
 With heart intent,  
 And purport fully bent,  
 Upon the bleeding *Lamb*;  
 Whose name,  
 The church's boast,  
 Is all my trust,  
 My all in all,  
 Who rais'd me from the fall.

*Confessing of* J E S U S.

## I.

**M** A N Y others their Confessions sing,  
 And in hymns of praise their tribute  
 bring;  
 Tell of *Jesu's* boundless love,  
 How exceeding kind they prove,  
 Him that is their prophet, priest, and king.

## II.

Shall my ransom'd soul, be silent found,  
 Like one ignorant of *Jesu's* wound?  
 Rouze my pow'rs, my soul awake,

Sinful



Sinful silence now forsake;  
Loudly tell what sweets in *Christ* abound.

## III.

In him ev'ry ornament is seen,  
Cloath'd in him the sinner's made his queen;  
Fully fitted for his feast,  
In *God's* light a pleasing guest,  
Perfect, free from ev'ry spot of sin.

## IV.

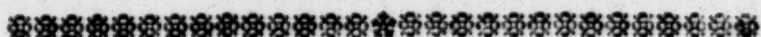
Who would then, this righteousness despise?  
Who would other ragged garments prize?  
Come ye naked, take this dress,  
Come in faith the *Lamb* caress;  
Then at last ye satisfy'd shall rise.

## V.

Here the depths of *Jesu's* wisdom see,  
Look ye helpless souls to *calvary*!  
Meet salvation here is found;  
Flock ye to the *Saviour's* wound,  
Just as doves unto the windows flee.

## VI.

Happy let us there in faith remain,  
Never wand'ring from the *Lamb* once slain;  
Humbly looking to the cross,  
Raptur'd sing, *be dy'd for us*;  
For us sinners, *we his blood-bought train*.



## EZEKIEL XXXIII. 2.—6.

## I.

**T**HUS says the *Lord* if I arise,  
 And pour my terrors from the skies,  
 And men awaken'd by the rod  
 Seek, and enquire the way to *God*,  
 And set one for their minister,  
 They should his ministrations hear.

## II.

If he enlighten'd sees the sword,  
 And blows the trumpet of the *Lord*,  
 And loudly warns the people round,  
 Then, whoso hears the trumpet's sound,  
 And dares the awful warning mock,  
 Shall bear himself th' eternal shock :

## III.

He slighted while he heard the call,  
 His blood shall surely on him fall :  
 But he who heard, and warning took,  
 Shall find th' appointed chosen rock ;  
 Shall save his soul, and heav'n attain,  
 And in my kingdom always reign.

## IV.

But if the priest, who sees the sword,  
 Shall prove unfaithful in the word,

Shall

Shall sooth, and never warning give,  
 Then, though the sinner shall not live,  
*Of him I'll seek his life, his blood;*  
*He shall sustain the sinner's load.*



*Before Preaching.*

I.

**G**OD of mercy manifest, we pray,  
 Free salvation to the souls astray ;  
*Holy Spirit* faithful guide,  
 Lead them to the pierced side,  
 Of the slaughter'd *Lamb*, the living way.

II.

Let us sinners never wander more,  
 Keep us *Jesus* by thy mighty pow'r ;  
 Keep us till the judgment day,  
 Treading in that happy way,  
 Where thy dear disciples trod before.

III.

Ever eying *Christ* by faith divine,  
 Always singing *Jesus Christ* is mine ;  
 Scorning trifles here below,  
 Thus dear sinners let us go,  
 Till in *zion's* courts we perfect shine.

IV.

This great happiness, eternal *God*,  
 All the purchase of atoning blood,

Graciously bestow on us,  
While we wait here at thy cross;  
While we wait to feel the precious flood.

## V.

Now, dear *Lord*, it's great effects make  
known,  
All this little congregation own;  
Feed us with thy body, *Lord*,  
Blood more sweet than wine afford,  
And we'll praise thy precious name alone.

## VI.

Making loud our boast, from day to day,  
*Jesus, he who took our sins away;*  
*He who bled upon the cross;*  
*He who lov'd and dy'd for us;*  
*He who brought in everlasting day.*



*The Sinner's Prayer.*

## I.

**C**OME, my *Saviour*, show thy pierced  
heart,  
Let me prove, now, ease from all my smart;  
Long in bondage have I sigh'd,  
Like one disregarded cry'd;  
O, my *Saviour*, take the sinner's part.

## II.

Here I open all my misery,  
Here I tell thee what a worm I be;

But

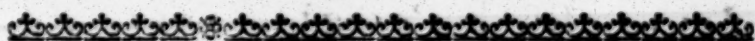
But the glories of thy name  
Have quite set my heart on flame;  
O, 'twas told me that thy love was free.

## III.

This has melted all my heart within;  
Hence my thousand happy hopes begin;  
Shall my happy hopes be vain?  
Was not *Jesus* for me slain?  
Slain to save me from my ev'ry sin?

## IV.

O, this mercy will not let me fear,  
While my *Jesus* is so sweetly near;  
Now I'll take salvation's song,  
Shouting with a raptur'd tongue,  
*Jesus will not let my soul despair.*

*A Morning Hymn.*

## I.

**E**V'RY morning with thy wanted grace  
Kindly blest us with thy chearing rays;  
Let us thousand mercies prove,  
Deeply drink of pard'ning love,  
Till our mourning all is turn'd to praise.

## II.

O 'tis *Jesus*, with his grace divine,  
Only softens such a heart as mine;  
Vain I prove all legal strife,



Vain the pow'rs of mortal life;  
All is useless till thy mercies shine.

## III.

Day-star blefs us with thy chearing light,  
Dissipate our fruitless legal night;  
Shoot thy sun-beams all abroad;  
O thou soul-transporting God,  
Keep us upright in thy searching sight.

## IV.

All the day from hurtful sin uphold  
Us, thy fav'rite, tho' thy worthless fold;  
Be our keeper ev'ry hour,  
Let us prove thy mighty pow'r;  
Then thy weak-ones shall be very bold.

## V.

We'll confess thee 'mongst the sons of men,  
Tell the people, *he who once was slain,*  
*Is the Lord! the very God!*  
*He who shed his precious blood*  
*Is the Saviour of our worthless train.*



*Before Sermon.*

## I.

**H**APPY those, and only happy they,  
Who, believing, share the gospel day;  
Who by faith behold the *Lamb*,

Boast-

Boasting loud of *Jesu's* name,  
All along the narrow thorny way.

## II.

'Midst ten thousand troubles all around,  
Still their happiness is quite profound;  
Worldly troubles can't perplex,  
Sorrows they shall never vex  
Him that resteth on this solid ground.

## III.

Why then foolish sinners will ye love,  
What will never for your comfort prove?  
Come, ashamed of all your ways,  
Turn and seek our *Saviour's* face;  
From *Immanuel* never more let's rove.

## IV.

Sinners, seek to know of none beside  
But the *Lamb*, who once for sinners dy'd,  
Shed his blood, dear souls, for you;  
Come, the bleeding *Saviour* view,  
See him as on *calv'ry* crucify'd.

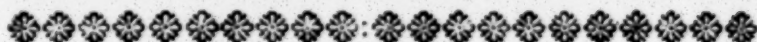
## V.

Ever saw ye any love like this?  
Come ashamed, a slighted *Saviour* kiss;  
*Kiss the Son*, and prove his love,  
Sure ye never then will rove,  
But *Christ Jesus* all in all confess.

Loudly

## VI.

Loudly telling ev'ry sinner, see  
 What a *Jesus* bled upon the tree !  
     What salvation he brought in ;  
     How he made an end of sin,  
 A full end of all iniquity.



*For a Society.*

## I.

**J**ESUS he is kind to us,  
 Ev'ry day proclaims aloud  
 Some new mercies from the cross ;  
 Some fresh favours from our *God* :  
     Sure 'tis charming then,  
 In our *Saviour's* love to rest,  
 With the ransom'd happy men,  
 Who his favour daily taste.

## II.

Why are we the little flock ?  
 We the favour'd company ?  
 Why did *Jesus* on us look ?  
 What could *Jesus* in us see ?  
     See rebellion's root ;  
 See our hearts a sink of sin,  
 Bringing forth accursed fruit,  
 Thoughts, and actions all unclean.

## III.

O, 'twas mercy swell'd his breast !  
Mercy could not be confin'd ;  
Mercy would not let him rest,  
Till by death he show'd how kind

*God* the father was :

In his death was *God* made known ;  
By the myst'ry of the cross,  
*God* to man was clearly shown.

## IV.

We behold the mystery,  
We with open eyes have seen  
What the wise can no ways see ;  
What their reason sounds in vain,

*God* a *God* to us :

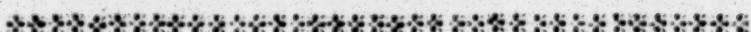
*God* the spirit we adore,  
He 'twas brought us to the cross,  
Sealing our salvation sure.

## V.

Come then, highly favour'd troop,  
Join a thankful hymn of praise ;  
Why should any fearful droop,  
When so kind our *Saviour's* ways ;

Trembling souls be bold,

View the martyr'd *God* of love ;  
Share his blessings manifold,  
All his boundless mercies prove.



*Another.*

I.

**C**HURCH of *Jesus*, bride of *God*,  
Beautify'd with *Jesu's* blood;  
Fairer than the lilly shows,  
Which in brakes and briars grows.

II.

Pray thy high vocation mind,  
Leave a dirty world behind;  
Soar above the things of earth,  
Mind thy kingly priestly birth.

III.

What should kings with trifles do?  
Kings have nobler things in view;  
Robes, and thrones, and crowns they eye,  
Regal pomp and majesty.

IV.

Are ye kings, thro' *Jesu's* grace?  
Be not earthly, mean and base,  
Mind the great reward above;  
Crowns, and robes, and thrones of love.

V.

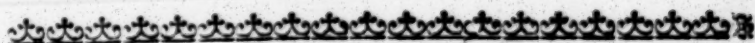
See the priest, the faithful priest,  
Earth and earthly things detest;  
Bent in serving of his *God*,  
Thinking that his life his food.

Are



## VI.

Are ye priests, thro' *Jesu's* love?  
 See your temple fix'd above;  
 Let your hearts engaged be  
 For the *Lord* eternally.

*The Preacher's Soliloquy.*

## I.

**W**HILE I reflect upon my call,  
 And serious view my place,  
 Metanks I feel no heart at all  
 My office to embrace:  
 But hence sufficient strength I know,  
 I'm call'd of *God*, he bids me go.

## II.

The mockings of the vulgar crew,  
 The threatnings of the *great*;  
 A thousand other things I view,  
 And think how sad my state:  
 But hence sufficient strength I know,  
 I'm call'd of *God*, he bids me go.

## III.

I view the persecuting throng  
 With madness in their eyes;  
 I see them in the devil strong,  
 And feign my fears would rise:  
 But hence sufficient strength I know,  
 I'm call'd of *God*, he bids me go.

I see

## IV.

I see the writings of the wise,  
Their arguments I feel;  
And almost shut my open'd eyes,  
And loose my kindled zeal:  
But hence sufficient strength I know,  
I'm call'd of *God*, he bids me go.

## V.

I often from the pulpits hear  
The truths I preach deny'd;  
And hardly can the burden bear,  
While thus I'm inly try'd:  
But hence sufficient strength I know,  
I'm call'd of *God*, he bids me go.

## VI.

I know how hard the hearts of men,  
How prone to ev'ry sin;  
Do sometimes cry, I preach in vain,  
And can't a sinner win:  
But hence sufficient strength I know,  
I'm call'd of *God*, he bids me go.

## VII.

I see, and feel the mourner's grief,  
And tell them of thy blood;  
But buried they in unbelief,  
Increase my heavy load:  
But hence sufficient strength I know,  
I'm call'd of *God*, he bids me go.

## VIII.

I mark the base backslider's walk,  
His carnal confidence,  
Am wounded by his trifling talk,  
And feel fresh sorrows thence :  
But hence sufficient strength I know,  
I'm call'd of *God*, he bids me go.

## IX.

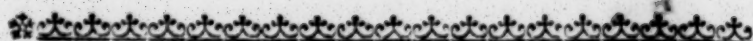
Beneath the word with grief I see  
The careless, and prophane ;  
Can only mourn their misery,  
But mourn and call in vain :  
But hence sufficient strength I know,  
I'm call'd of *God*, he bids me go.

## X.

My inward weakness too I prove,  
My want of light, and grace ;  
And daily mourn my too faint love,  
And all my carelessness :  
But hence sufficient strength I know,  
I'm call'd of *God*, he bids me go.

## XI.

Yes, the great *God* hath bid me go,  
And preach his name abroad ;  
I will not fear what man can do,  
I'll always trust in *God* :  
I hence sufficient strength shall prove,  
I'm call'd of *God*, and *God is love*.



*Panting after the Power of GOD.*

I.

**W**HEN shall my frozen heart revive?  
 When shall my soul begin to live?  
 Fetter'd with sin, oppress'd with death,  
 I pant, but hopeless pant for breath.

II.

Yet against hope, I feign would hope;  
 O that the *Lord* would raise me up!  
 Would all my unbelief destroy,  
 And let me taste his people's joy.

III.

Come breath of life, inspire my soul,  
 On me let streams of mercy roll;  
 I know a tender glance from thee  
 Can set my burden'd spirit free.

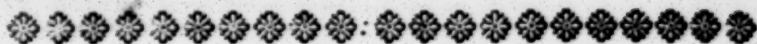
IV.

*Peter's* experience tells me so,  
 Tells me what *Jesu's* look can do;  
 A harden'd heart at once it turns,  
 The icy soul it melts and burns.

V.

*Lord*, kindly reach this heart of mine,  
 I pant to be intirely thine;  
 To have thy *Spirit* rule in me,  
 And lead me into liberty.

*Going*



*Going to a Place expecting Persecution.*

I.

**O** THAT the *Lord* may with us go!  
And spoil the persecuting foe;  
Display his pow'r, and bind their hands  
With his resistless hidden bands:  
Shall man, vain man, with *God* contend?  
Where will such horrid madness end?

II.

When *balaam* strove to curse the flock,  
Supported by the living rock,  
Forth from his mouth did blessings flow,  
On all the chosen tribes below:  
Shall man, vain man, &c.

III.

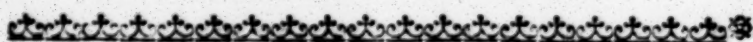
Shall *satan's* pow'rs a conquest gain?  
What hath our *Saviour* said in vain,  
*The gates of hell shall not prevail?*  
Why should we fear the pow'rs of hell?  
Shall man, vain man, &c.

IV.

Boldly we'll to the battle go,  
With *hymns* we'll still the noisy foe;  
With *pray'r* the pow'r of *God* bring down,  
And all the rage of *satan* drown:  
Shall man, vain man, &c.



Then will we preach thy gospel loud,  
 Win by constraint the list'ning crowd;  
 And God shall lift his banner there,  
 And make his conqu'ring arm quite bear;  
 While man, vain man, his folly sees,  
 And humbly seeks the gospel peace.



*Another.*

I.

**W**HENCE arises fordid fear?  
 Is not *Jesus* ev'ry where?  
 Don't he all his children see?  
 What are mortals threats to me?

II.

Oft' I've heard them proudly say,  
*They'd with numbers win the day;*  
*They would drown the preacher's voice;*  
*Drums should spoil our promis'd joys.*

III.

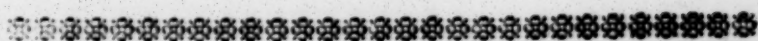
God has spoiled their deep designs,  
 Yes, when rank'd in threat'ning lines;  
 Hundreds, have asham'd appear'd,  
 Trembled, and thy power fear'd.

IV.

Is not *Jesus* still the same?  
 Come, my frozen breast inflame,

Fill

Fill me with thy conqu'ring love,  
Fearless I'll to *preaching* move.



*Conviction of and Deliverance from sin.*

I.

**T**EN thousand thousand are my sins,  
Nothing but *Jesu's* blood can cleanse  
A heart so vile as mine :  
But don't the fountain freely flow ?  
I'll to the open fountain go,  
And prove the stream divine.

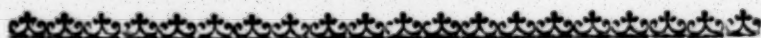
II.

Most kindly sprinkle me, my *God*,  
With thy redeeming cleansing blood,  
Till all my scarlet sins,  
Shall loose their deep enormous dye ;  
And I in snowy purity,  
Be freed from all hell's chains.

III.

I can't their horrid burden bare,  
'They'd sink me into deep despair ;  
But *Christ* hath bore the load :  
'There all my thousand sins are laid,  
He hath a full atonement made,  
By shedding of his blood.

O *sweet atonement* ! thee I praise,  
 'Tis there I learn the depths of grace,  
     In *Jesus* crucify'd ;  
 Yes, while I prove thy heav'nly pow'r,  
 I must thy wond'rous grace adore,  
     *And sing how Jesus died.*



## G R A C E S :

*Before Meat.*

'TIS *God* provides for all our need,  
 He hath the present table spread ;  
 In ev'ry thing by faith I see,  
 Our *Saviour* lov'd and dy'd for me.

FATHER of ev'ry good,  
 Thou see'st our table spread ;  
 Sprinkle our mercies with thy blood,  
 Feed us with living bread.

Teach us to eat and drink  
 Unto thy glory, *Lord* ;  
 And while we of our *Jesus* think,  
 Be present at our board.

IN all things we would look to thee,  
 To prove thy blessings, *Lamb* ;  
 Teach us in ev'ry thing to see  
 The glories of thy name.

While

While thankfully we eat this food,  
    •O may our souls be fed !  
And prove *Immanuel's* flesh, and blood,  
    Is meat and drink indeed.

JOIN we now to ask of *God*  
Blessings on the present food ;  
Bless it, *Saviour*, we intreat,  
Make the present mercies sweet.

While our hunger we appease,  
May we *Christ*, our *Saviour*, please ;  
While our thirstings we allay,  
Do our ev'ry want away.

THOU sov'reign author of all good,  
Giver of life, of health, and food ;  
Be present with thy children here,  
That while we prove thy temp'ral care,  
Our ransom'd souls may sweetly feed,  
By living faith, on living bread.

Now we seek with one accord,  
While we eat our daily bread,  
*Jesus Christ* to bless our board,  
And our fainting spirits feed ;  
    Give the bread divine,  
All our hung'rings satisfy ;  
Dart thy rays, and gracious shine  
    On this little company.

THOU

THOU *Saviour* divine,  
 Most graciously blest  
 These mercies of thine,  
 With wonderful grace ;  
 That while we are feeding  
 On temporal food,  
 Our souls may be reading  
 The worth of thy blood.

*After Meat.*

THY ev'ry mercy calls for praise,  
 We thank thee for thy present grace ;  
 And loudly would, dear *Lord*, entreat,  
 To keep us ever at thy feet.

SURE, *God* was present here,  
 And loud demands our praise ;  
 The present instance of his care,  
 Speaks him a *God* of grace.

In him we live and move,  
 And all our mercies have ;  
 We thank thee, *Jesus*, source of love,  
 Who came our souls to save,

OUR bodies we have richly fed,  
 And would, O *Lord*, confess.  
 Thy mercies sweeten all our bread,  
 And speak our happiness.

*Eternal*



Eternal thanks our spirits give  
For ev'ry good we share ;  
And own 'tis of thy grace we live,  
And wonder at thy care.

*Jesu's* mercies never fail,  
This we prove at ev'ry meal ;  
He 'tis gives us all our food,  
Makes our ev'ry morsel good.

Loud we thank thee for thy grace,  
Gladly join to sing thy praise ;  
Thank thee for the present food,  
Wond'ring at the grace of *God*.

O MAY our glad thanksgivings rise !  
And reach the ruler of the skies ;  
He feeds us with the present food,  
The present mercies speak him good ;  
We pray thee all thy goodness show,  
And let us inward mercies know.

JESUS heard our souls request,  
Sure our *God* was present here,  
Made our little meal a feast ;  
How shall we his grace declare ?  
Loud we praise our *God*,  
Sing the merits of thy name,  
Shout thy goodness all abroad,  
Others they shall catch the flame.

We thank thee, *O Lord*,  
 For all of thy care;  
 For spreading our board,  
 While others there are  
 Who hunger and perish,  
 Or scarcely have food:  
*O* why dost thou cherish  
 So worthless a brood?

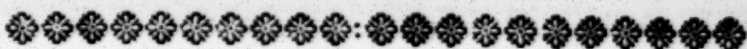
INFLAM'D with chearful praise,  
 Our spirits now aspire,  
 To sing redeeming grace,  
 To join the heav'nly choir;  
 For *O* we plainly see and know,  
 From *Christ* do all our mercies flow!

We can't thy mercies share,  
 And thee the spring forget;  
 Our spirits must declare  
 Thanksgiving at thy feet;  
 Yes, now in harmony we praise  
 The sov'reign source, of sov'reign grace.

Now we thank thee tender *Saviour*,  
 For that love  
 Which we prove;  
 For thy daily favour:  
 For the mercies just now given;  
 For the food  
 Bought with blood,  
 Blood that flow'd from heaven.

*O* may

O may we the blood remember,  
 Ev'ry day,  
 All our way,  
 Blood of our defender.



*The Backslider.*

I.

**N**OW I must in tears confess,  
 I have wander'd far from God;  
 Brought my soul into distress,  
 Lost salvation's pleasant road.

II.

So I've seen a wand'ring sheep  
 Leave the flock, more wise than they;  
 By itself at distance keep,  
 Till bewilder'd in its way;

III.

Bleating for the flock aloud,  
 Fearful, sick, with loathsomeness;  
 Backward trace the crooked road,  
 Mourning o'er its foolishness.

IV.

So I seek again to turn,  
 Look to find the pathless way;  
 So I o'er my follies mourn,  
 I a greater fool than they.

## V.

Shepherds ha'nt they tender hearts?  
 When their sheep have wander'd so,  
 Still they take the wand'ers parts;  
 Kindly to the lost sheep go.

## VI.

Don't my *shepherd's* bowels move?  
 Don't he pity my distress?  
 Yes, my tender *shepherd's* love;  
 O then help my helplessness!

*Experience.*

## I.

**W**HEN *Jesus* kindly shew'd  
 His wounded heart to me,  
 My rocky heart it flow'd,  
 Such boundless love to see:  
 Tho' all along before  
 I sat beneath the word,  
 I did not know its pow'r,  
 I did not know the *Lord*.

## II.

But when his grace I saw,  
 My deadness fled away;  
 I fear'd not hell, nor law,  
 Glad with the gospel day:

My song was *Jesu's love*;  
My boast, *the Lamb is slain*;  
For Oh! my heart did prove  
Pleasure thro' *Jesu's pain*.

## III.

Seeing his tortur'd form  
My frozen heart dissolv'd;  
My inmost soul was warm,  
I was at once resolv'd,  
I'd have no other bride;  
I'd rest me in his arms;  
And near his wounded side  
Delight me with his charms.

## IV.

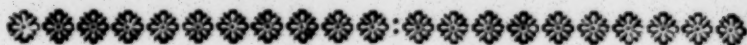
Nor does my heart repent  
This strange uncommon choice;  
No, still thro' grace I'm bent  
To slight all other joys;  
To take my *Saviour's* cross,  
And leave to worldly men  
The dirt, the dung, the dross;  
Singing *the Lamb is slain*.

## V.

Do any blame, for this,  
My fond enamour'd heart?  
Let such but taste my bliss,  
I'm sure they would not part  
From one so kind and good,  
So faithful as the *Lamb*;



But tasting of his blood,  
They'd always shout his name.



*Another.*

I.

**H**OW hard is my heart?  
How strange to my God?  
How frequent I start  
From *Jesus's* blood?  
Why am I thus roving,  
When *Christ is so kind*?  
My *Saviour's* all loving,  
But I am quite blind.

II.

Forgive me, I pray,  
My ev'ry sin;  
And teach me the way  
Thy children walk in;  
That settled in *Jesus*  
My tongue may proclaim,  
Ten thousands of praises  
To his precious name.

III.

O sure I can say,  
His name is to me  
So sweet all the day,  
I'm longing to be

His

His foll'wer for ever,  
 Thro' all things below,  
 Till up to my *Saviour*  
 Rejoicing I go.

## IV.

Then fill me with grace,  
 And let thy dear name  
 Be always my praise :  
 O may my heart flame  
 With loudest thanksgiving,  
 Till life be no more ;  
 Yea, while I'm the living  
 I'd *Jesus* adore.

*Praise.*

## I.

**S**HALL angels above,  
 In rapturous songs,  
 Declare thy great love,  
 With trumpets and tongues?  
 This company, *Saviour*,  
 Would join the same choir,  
 Would sing of thy favour,  
 Thy mercy admire.

## II.

Yes, we would proclaim,  
 Thy mercies below ;

Would hallow thy name,  
In all that we do;  
With chearful thanksgiving,  
In loudest accord;  
The living, the living,  
To sing of the *Lord*.

## III.

Is any heart dead?  
Come quicken that heart;  
Make all free indeed,  
Let each have a part,  
In that great salvation  
That *Jesus* brought in,  
For ev'ry nation,  
Salvation from sin.

## IV.

This, this shall inflame,  
The hardest heart here;  
Thy powerful name,  
Shall drown all our fear;  
Shall give us such boldness  
To come to thy blood,  
That void of all coldness,  
We'll hallow our *God*.

## V.

Not only our tongues,  
Our spirits shall raise,  
Ten thousands of songs,  
About thy great grace;

Till *Jefus* the *Saviour*,  
 The nations applaud,  
 And own his behaviour  
 Befpeaks him a *God*.



# A DIALOUGE HYMN;

*For a Society of Men and Women.*

## I.

**C**OME sisters join our sacred songs,  
 Our *Saviour's* praise we sing;  
*We're ready then, both hearts and tongues,*  
*To praise so great a king.*

## II.

Then let us jointly now proclaim,  
 The wonders of his grace;  
*Our Saviour's dear exalted name,*  
*Shall be our constant praise.*

## III.

Worthy the *Lamb*, who once was slain,  
 For us he bow'd his head;  
*Worthy the Lord, the son of man,*  
*Who suffer'd in our stead.*

## IV.

When we were enemies to *God*,  
 Then did his mercy shine;

*When in the sinner's ways we trod  
He show'd his pow'r divine.*

## V.

Never was love like this before !  
That God himself should dye;  
His wond'rous love we will adore,  
To all eternity.

## VI.

O may this love our hearts inflame,  
With purest love to God ;  
O may we always love his name  
Who has the vine-press trod.

## VII.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Be endless praises giv'n ;  
We join your songs, ye heav'nly hosts,  
To praise the God of heav'n.



*Another.*

## I.

**W**ELL, sisters, did you e'er repent  
Your leaving worldly toys?  
Brethren, our hearts are firmly bent,  
To follow heav'nly joys.



## II.

We tho't that tasting heav'nly things,  
Your earthly hunger ceas'd ;  
*Yes, when we found the king of kings,  
We found a settled peace.*

## III.

But does that pleasure still remain,  
Say, are you happy still ?  
*We prove release from nature's chain,  
From nature's stubborn will.*

## IV.

But is it still the same with you  
As 'twas some months agoe ?  
*We have more faith a clearer view,  
And greater blessings know.*

## V.

O, sisters, these are Jesu's ways,  
Daily to grow in love ;  
*And blest'd be God, thro' Jesu's grace,  
These are the ways we prove.*

## VI.

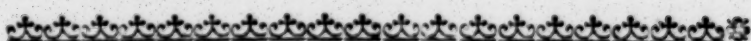
We thank him for his grace to you,  
And sing the same is ours ;  
*We thank him then, O may you grow,  
Stronger in Jesu's pow'rs.*

## VII.

Amen, amen, may both increase,  
Us and our sisters too ;

*Amen*

*Amen we sing, increase our peace,  
And let us daily grow.*



*Another.*

I.

**O** Redemption! boundless good!  
Purchase of *Immanuel's* blood!  
*Brethren, we redemption sing,  
We to Christ our tribute bring.*

II.

Mingle then your songs with ours,  
Triumph with the heav'nly pow'rs;  
*Glad we join to sing with you,  
What the Lamb of God did do.*

III.

Sisters, here your boasting's void,  
We have prov'd more love from God;  
*No, we viler were than you,  
We are now made happier too.*

IV.

Little do you know how base,  
We who prove *Immanuel's* grace;  
*O, our hearts a sink of sin!  
None was ever so unclean!*

## V.

Thousand sins of thousand sorts,  
Us'd to rage in our vile hearts ;  
*Ours a cage of filthy birds,*  
*Fill'd with sinful thoughts and words.*

## VI.

O how sweet *Immanuel's blood !*  
All these thousands sins subdu'd !  
*Brethren, sure we prov'd it so ;*  
*This experience we do know.*

## VII.

O but then our liberty,  
Sisters, we are truly free ;  
*Sure then we have cause to join,*  
*We who walk in light divine.*

## VIII.

Full assurance too we prove,  
Banquet on *Immanuel's* love ;  
*We have found assurance too,*  
*We the gospel blessings know.*

## IX.

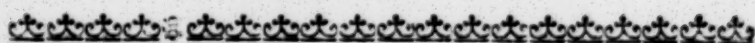
Come then, sisters, if 'tis thus,  
Tell the merits of his cross ;  
*Angels can't its merits tell,*  
*O 'tis quite unspeakable !*

## X.

Come then *hallelujah* sing,  
Till the heav'nly arches ring ;

*Hallelujah*

Hallelujah, O 'tis sweet !  
 Thus to sing at Jesu's feet.



*The Crucifixion.*

I.

SEE on *calv'ry's* mount a wonder !  
     *Christ* our God,  
     Smear'd with blood;  
 Rocks rent all asunder.

II.

Heaven's blacken'd while he's dying ;  
     *sun* and *moon*,  
     Very soon,  
 From their *orblts* flying.

III.

Not one golden *planet* shining ;  
     Ev'ry *star*  
     Ven'd with fear,  
 While his head's reclining.

IV.

How should *sun*, or *moon*, or *planet*  
     Glisten bright,  
     When all light  
 From the world is vanish'd ?

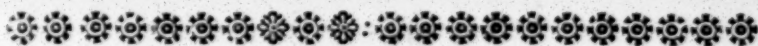
While

## V.

While his tortur'd wounded body,  
 On the cross,  
 Slain for us,  
 Hangs so pain'd ! so bloody !

## VI.

Sinners want not light to view him ;  
 They may see,  
 On the tree,  
 Their salvation thro' him.

*The Faithfulness of GOD.*

## I.

**T**HOU *Saviour* divine,  
 My heart it is thine ;  
 Alone to thy faith may I always incline.

## II.

And never more rove,  
 But constantly prove,  
 The heights and the depths, of our dear *Sa-  
 viour's* love.

## III.

That lost in that sea,  
 I happy may be,  
 Rejoicing forever, forever in thee.

Thou



## IV.

Thou can't not deny  
A gracious reply  
To this, my so fervent, importunate cry.

## V.

No, sooner by far  
Shall mothers forbear  
To show to their children a natural care ;

## VI.

And angry despise,  
What always they prize,  
The dear fruit of their womb, the joy of  
their eyes.

## VII.

Yea, this they may do ;  
But *God* cannot go  
From what he hath spoken ; he can't prove  
untrue.

## VIII.

This, this is my trust,  
He can't prove unjust,  
He is not deceitful like worms of the dust.

## IX.

Then why should I fear?  
Be burden'd with care?  
When *Jesus* my *Saviour* proclaimeth me clear ?

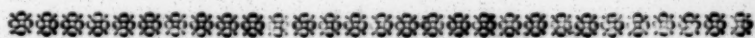
I must

## X.

I must sure rejoice,  
 With heart, and with voice,  
 In triumph and shouting, confounding all  
 noise.

## XI.

Till *Jesus* his name,  
 That dear spotless *Lamb*,  
 Shall share in all honour, all glory, and fame.



*Coming to preach at a new Place.*

## I.

**D**EAR *Saviour* of men,  
 Who freely was slain,  
 And bore in thy body such torture and pain :

## II.

For thy torture's sake,  
 Compassion now take,  
 And own a poor *lab'rer*, that feels himself  
 weak.

## III.

O let it appear,  
 The *Lord* sent him here,  
 To publish the gospel, the truth to declare.

## IV.

May no one refuse,  
 The merciful news ;  
 May no one the gospel of *Jesus* abuse.

## V.

That each sinner here  
 Thy mercy may share,  
 And know themselves part of our *Saviour's*  
 kind care.

## VI.

And let thy own word,  
 My dear gracious *Lord*,  
 In each merciless heart thy comfort afford.

## VII.

That all here may prove,  
 Our *Saviour is love* ;  
 And never from him, that hath bought them,  
 remove.

## VIII.

He bought us indeed,  
 When lately he bled ;  
 'Tis writ in his bosom, that *sinners are freed*.

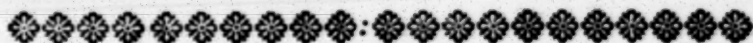
## IX.

The reason that some  
 In bondage still roam,  
 They look not to *Jesus* ; they don't to him  
 come.

Then

## X.

Then let us draw nigh,  
To *Jesus* we'll fly;  
Who lays hold on *Jesus* they never shall die.

*Liberty.*

## I.

**T**HE flesh of my *God*,  
His soul-saving blood,  
I joyfully feed on, my ev'ry day's food.

## II.

What shepherd so kind?  
What mortals so blind?  
This shepherd to stray from, to feed on the  
wind.

## III.

Come sinners draw near,  
Your shepherd is here;  
Put trust in our *Saviour*, relinquish your care.

## IV.

Your burdens cast down,  
They are not your own;  
*God* bore them on *calv'ry*; this truth I have  
known.

## V.

Then sure we must love,  
 Yes, all must approve,  
 The *God* of all nature, the christian's great  
*Jove*.

## VI.

*I love him indeed,  
 Because he did bleed,  
 And help my poor soul in the greatest of need.*

## VII.

I love him besides,  
 'Cause when crucify'd,  
*For thousands of millions I'm sure he then  
 dy'd.*

## VIII.

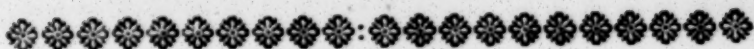
What *lover* like this  
 Would millions embrace?  
 Yea, thousands of millions so kindly carefs.

## IX.

Let others pursue  
*False lovers* below,  
 I now am determin'd *Christ* only to know.





CHRIST'S *Tenderness.*

## I.

**H**OW great is my load?  
 But *Jesus* is *God*,  
 I'll cast it on him, and put trust in his blood.

## II.

He'll not bid me go,  
 As others may do,  
 And wander a long time in sorrows and woe.

## III.

The moment I come,  
 His heart affords room;  
 The *Lamb's* open arms are my only safe  
 home.

## IV.

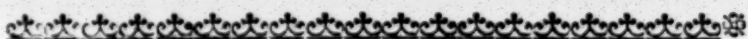
Then thither I'll fly,  
 His clemency try,  
 And hide me *where danger can never draw*  
*nigh.*

## V.

And shelt'ring there,  
 I'll loudly declare,  
 There 's none like my *Jesus*, so kind and so  
 fair.

## VI.

Till sinners like me,  
For happiness flee  
To *Jesus* the *Saviour*, late slain on the tree.

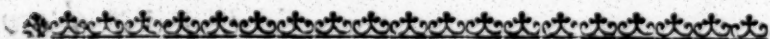
*Wrote in the late Rebellion*

## I.

**W**HILE a *usurper* seeks the nation's  
crown,  
And threat'ning judgments on this island frown  
Let us poor sinners near our *Saviour* keep;  
We need not fear, if we are *Jesus's* sheep.

## II.

No, tho' with *popish cruelty* he came,  
And put ten thousand to the sword and flame;  
Our *Saviour's church* without the least of  
fear,  
'Midst swords and flames would joyfully ap-  
pear.

*The Church's Safety.*

## I.

**W**HEN *fatan*, with his utmost rage,  
Doth furiously fierce battles wage,  
Against the ransom'd church of *God*,  
The purchase of *Immanuel's* blood;

This

This army moves so terrible,  
Their banners fright the pow'rs of hell.

## II.

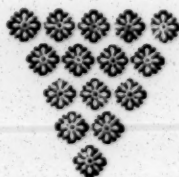
A *soldier* in this troop I'd be,  
And follow *Jesus* faithfully;  
Hardships endure with hardiness,  
And all those hardships light confess,  
Weigh'd with the pleasures that I feel,  
The *Saviour's* love, the *church's* zeal.

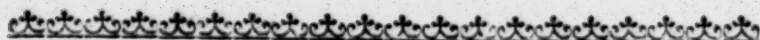
## III.

The awful *banner* of his cross,  
What wonders will it do for us?  
How will the threat'ning devil flee,  
Soon as he shall our *banner* see?  
Let all who would be sav'd from sin,  
Beneath this *banner* now turn in.

## IV.

These are the conquerors, these in faith  
Trample on satan, sin and death:  
How should you faint beneath the cross?  
This banner's all, your strength is loss;  
*The pow'rs of self shall wholly fall,*  
*The pow'r of God reigns over all.*





*Free Grace.*

I.

**T**HE tydings of grace  
Salute the fall'n race;  
Thrice happy the souls who the tydings embrace.

II.

But thousands are blind,  
Think *Jesus* unkind,  
And with their own reason his merits would bind.

III.

Tho' many have heard  
His free grace declar'd,  
Thro' cursed unbelief, their hearts are still hard.

IV.

They think *he* can't be  
So loving, and free,  
As *John* and the rest of his followers say.

V.

Or if he displays  
Some marvellous grace,  
'Tis all to the *righteous*, but none to the  
*base*.

But

## VI.

But O! it is plain,  
Again, and again,  
*He calls not the righteous; for us he was  
slain.*

## VII.

Your maladies bring,  
Beneath his kind wing,  
He'll be your *physician*, and cause you to sing.

## VIII.

The *balm of his blood*  
Is precious and good,  
O! would that its merits were more under-  
stood.

## IX.

When once 'tis apply'd,  
And solidly try'd,  
We feel thro' its merits our hearts justify'd.

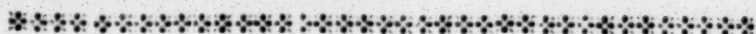
## X.

If you would feign know  
What great things 'twill do,  
To *Jesus*, for mercy, submissively bow.

## XI.

So soon shall we meet,  
Above at his feet,  
And taste of the banquet eternal and great.





*The Soul reconcil'd to Tribulations.*

I.

**L**ONG a *perfect church* I sought,  
 Waver'd here, and wander'd there,  
 Found no people without fault ;  
 Then I was oppress'd with care,  
 Thought I'd loanly be,  
 In some desert wilderness,  
 Where no cares should harass me,  
 Free from burdens, and distress.

II.

Soon I saw it was my *heart*  
 Was the cause of all my pain ;  
 Did I from all people part,  
 Ah ! I parted but in vain ;  
 This companion still,  
 Ev'ry where was found with me,  
*A dead heart, a stubborn will,*  
 Would my close attendant be.

III.

Thus I knew not what to do,  
 Where I should from burdens fly ;  
 Wish'd I could to *zion* go,  
 Wish'd the *Lord* would let me die ;  
 But my *heart* made right,  
 Then it was in vast surprise,

All things in another light,  
 Stood before my gladden'd eyes.

## IV.

*Tribulations* then to me,  
 Though in lofty heaps they rose  
 Like a *roaring, rowling sea*,  
 Was to me, as that to those  
     Long becalm'd and tyr'd;  
 Wish'd they stormy winds to blow,  
 So I'm sure my heart desir'd,  
*Tribulation's way to go.*

*At any Meeting.*

## I.

**S** H A L L poor sinners vainly meet  
 In their blessed *Saviour's* name?  
 Vainly fall at *Jesus* feet?  
 Vainly call upon the *Lamb*?  
     No, he hears our cry;  
 Let us tell our wants to him,  
 He will give a kind reply,  
 Who did late our souls redeem.

II. 

One and all would then confess,  
 We are really quite unclean,  
 Have no good, no righteousness,  
*All our empty deeds are sin;*

Let

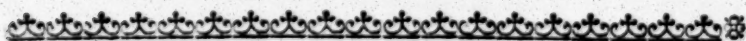
Let thy precious blood  
 Be most kindly now apply'd;  
 Show us sinners how it flow'd  
 From thy pierced bloody side.

## III.

'Tis thy blood is all our hope,  
 'Tis thy wounds salvation give,  
 'Tis thy cross shall bear us up,  
 'Tis thy death shall make us live :  
     *Jeſu's* dying love  
 Speaks ſuch boundleſs joy of heart,  
 O we long this bliſs to prove !  
 Now this rapt'rous joy impart.

## IV.

Let each burden'd mourner here,  
 Boundleſs conſolation draw  
 From thy wounds, and leave deſpair  
 To all thoſe beneath the law,  
     They of right ſhould mourn ;  
 We who have the *Lamb* our friend,  
 Should from all dejection turn ;  
     *Chriſt is ſlain*, let ſorrows end.

CHRIST *precious*.

## I.

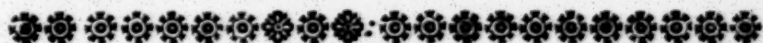
**I** SING the youth, the *nazareen*,  
 The lover of the ſons of men ;

Whose

Whose beautiful form my heart hath charm'd,  
 My frozen heart with ardour warm'd;  
 With such an ardour, no such flame  
 Is kindled but by *Jesu's* name.

## II.

No name so dear, so choicely good,  
 His name, attended with his blood,  
 Inspires the sinner, dead before,  
 Quickens his heart, with life and pow'r:  
 Come poor distressed souls draw near,  
 And *Jesu's* free salvation share.



*A Call to Ministers.*

## I.

**Y**E sons of *levi* loud proclaim  
 Salvation's sound! *Christ Jesu's* name!  
 His righteousness alone declare,  
 Of that a faithful witness bear;  
 And boldly preach, there's nothing else be-  
     side  
 The imperfections of the soul can hide.

## II.

Loud as a well blown trumpet call,  
*Proclaim the grace of God to all;*  
 To ev'ry burden'd sinner say,  
 My *Jesus* none will send away:  
 And boldly preach, &c.

K

Tell

## III.

Tell every sinner his lost state,  
 Spare not the rich, spare not the great ;  
 The one thing needful shout aloud,  
 The *Saviour's* meritorious blood :  
 And boldly preach there's nothing else be-  
     side  
 By which a sinner can be justify'd.

## IV.

To those who are convinc'd of sin,  
 And daily groan to be made clean,  
 Show them the fountain open'd wide,  
 The fountain in the *Saviour's* side :  
 And boldly preach, there's nothing else will  
     do  
 To wash the sinner, and remove his woe.

## V.

Call the backsliders to return,  
 Who daily burden'd, daily mourn ;  
 The scriptures to their souls reveal,  
 How *Jesus* will backsliders heal :  
 And boldly preach, there's nothing else be-  
     side  
 The *Saviour's* blood, can heal those that  
     backslide.

## VI.

To those who seek a patient mind,  
 And pant humility to find,  
 Declare it in the *Saviour's* blood ;  
 The spring of ev'ry thing that's good :

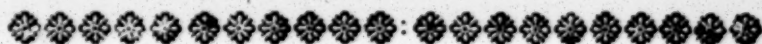
And



And boldly preach, it no where else is  
found,  
But flowing from a *Saviour's* gaping wound.

## VII.

In short, a *Saviour* only preach,  
His merits to poor sinners teach;  
And tell the thoughtless world around,  
What a dear *Saviour* you have found:  
Yea boldly say, there's none at all beside  
Worthy of praise, but *Jesus crucify'd*.

*The Child's Prayer.*

## I.

**T**HOU, dearest *Jesus*, when below,  
Children into thy arms didst take  
Nor scorn'd, to them, thy love to shew,  
Tho' they were little, mean, and weak.

## II.

Oh *Jesus!* then now condescend  
To stoop to me, thy little child;  
Become a tender *infant's* friend,  
And keep me always meek and mild.

## III.

Oh *Jesus!* thou a *child* hast been,  
And know't what my temptations are;

Pray purge me then from guilt and sin,  
And make me thy peculiar care.

## IV.

Playing, and toys ensnare my mind,  
And draw my wand'ring heart from thee ;  
And now already, *Lord*, I find  
My nature's inbred enmity.

## V.

O wash me then in thine own blood,  
Adopt me, *Jesus*, as thy own ;  
I'll call thee *Father*, Oh my *God* !  
And aim to live to thee alone.



*The Raptur'd Soul's Invitation.*

## I.

**C**OME sinners ! come ! Oh come and  
taste  
How sweet my *Jesus* is !  
Here hungry souls, here come and feast,  
Hence flows all perfect bliss.

## II.

What e'er your wants, here you may find ;  
But ask you shall obtain ;  
For Oh my *master* is so kind,  
None e're shall ask in vain !

## III.

Is *pleasure* what your souls pursue?  
Then come, Oh come to him  
In *him* are *pleasures* ever new,  
From him all *pleasures* stream.

## IV.

Or does *ambition* fire your mind?  
Then come, Oh come with me!  
In *him* you'll *real greatness* find,  
With him you *kings* shall be.

## V.

Perhaps 'tis *riches* that you seek,  
In *him's* a boundless store;  
Oh come! and of his *wealth* partake,  
And then partake of more.

## VI.

Oh hear his counsel! come and buy,  
Gold in the furnace try'd;  
Oh come! the spotless *garment* try,  
That in his blood is dy'd:

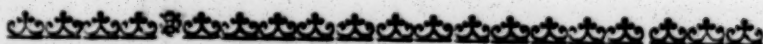
## VII.

'Twill cover ev'ry spot of sin,  
And hide your nakedness;  
'Twill make you perfect, pure and clean,  
'Tis *Jesu's righteousness*.

## VIII.

Then come! Oh come! and ask, and seek,  
Of *him* ye shall receive;

Of *him* such blessings souls partake,  
As he alone can give.



*Before Reading the Bible.*

I.

**O** JESUS! who did once explain  
Moses and all the prophets too;  
Teaching how those inspir'd men  
Describ'd a Saviour to our view.

II.

Now while I read thy sacred word,  
Explain it, dearest Lord, to me;  
And such a glorious light afford,  
That in each verse I Christ may see.

III.

Oh Judah's lion! break the seal,  
Nor let me longer darkly read;  
But by thy Spirit, Lord, reveal  
What e're my hungry soul may need.

IV.

Show me the meaning of each line,  
Each hidden mystery display;  
That I may taste thy word divine,  
Feasting upon it day by day.

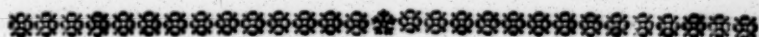
And

## V.

And now some portion to me give,  
 Some morsel of celestial bread;  
 That I may feel my soul alive,  
 United to my sov'reign head.

## VI.

Then shall my soul refresh'd with this,  
 Praises to *Christ* the fountain sing;  
 To *Christ*. the author of all bliss,  
 To *Christ*, my royal *Lord* and *King*.



*Desertion and Conviction.*

## I.

**W**HAT must I always doubting stray,  
 A stranger to the *life*, the *way*?  
 Can't thou behold me walking thus,  
 At distance from thy bloody cross?  
 Do not thy tender bowels move?  
 Yes, yes, they do, for *God is love*.

## II.

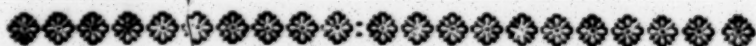
Then wherefore should I doubting cry,  
*The Saviour did not for me die?*  
 O wherefore should I grieve him so?  
 Did not he grief sufficient know,  
 When he a man of sorrows here,  
 Bore the vast load of all my care?

I will



## III.

I will not longer wound him then,  
 But sing, for me *the Lamb was slain* ;  
 And gaze upon his trickling blood,  
 That dear, that more than precious flood ;  
 Trusting to *Christ*, the rock alone,  
 That sure foundation corner stone.



*A Desire after Union.*

## I.

**W**HEN, dear *Lord*, shall jarrings cease?  
 All thy church, the heirs of peace,  
 In a happy union join'd,  
 Only *Christ* our *Saviour* mind?

## II.

When shall they vain things forget ?  
 Tread on trifles with their feet ?  
 Only talk of *Jesu's* blood ?  
 Boast alone in *Christ* our *God* ?

## III.

Shall not we the day behold ?  
*Jesus* now the scene unfold ;  
 Let us like the *patriarchs* live,  
 Firmly in thy name believe.

## IV.

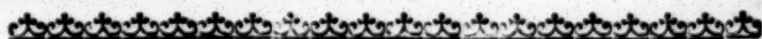
Let not any empty sound  
 Longer our poor souls confound;  
 Let thy loving voice be known,  
 Ev'ry empty sound be gone.

## V.

This the sound be blaz'd abroad,  
*Jesus is a loving God*;  
 Will not a poor soul deny,  
 Sinners then to *Jesus* cry.

## VII.

Let us all agree in this,  
*Jesus* as our *God* confess;  
 Only praise his wounds and blood,  
 Which hath brought us home to *God*.



*After a Visit from JESUS.*

## I.

I 'M sure it was t'he voice of *God*!  
 It was my *Saviour's* voice!  
 What could it be, but *Jesus's* blood  
 That spoke such heav'nly joys?

## II.

Tempter be gone, it was my *Lord*,  
 I will not doubt his grace;

He

He hath fulfill'd his faithful word,  
He is my righteousness.

## III.

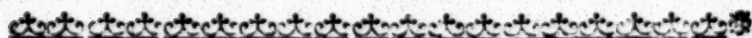
Satan, 'tis true, hath thousand arts,  
Can like an angel show;  
Deceives, no doubt, a thousand hearts,  
Who 'wake at last in woe.

## IV.

But Satan would not make me love  
The author of his shame;  
He would not make my affections move,  
To praise our *Saviour's* name.

## V.

*Jesus* I love, his name I praise,  
I view his wounds, and sing;  
And wonder at his dying love,  
And bless my bleeding *king*.



*Health from* JESUS.

## I.

**S**EE on the gospel pole,  
'Th' uplifted *sacrifice*!  
That *sacrifice* shall save thy soul,  
Shall drown'd thy miseries.

## II.

Wounded was he to heal  
The sin sick broken heart ;  
Come, and his energy you'll feel,  
Destroying all your sinart.

## III.

There, from that bleeding *Lamb*,  
My ev'ry comfort flow'd ;  
From thence my soul's salvation came,  
Came streaming in his blood.

## IV.

But a few years ago  
I saw no loveliness  
In him, in whom I surely know,  
Centers all perfectness.

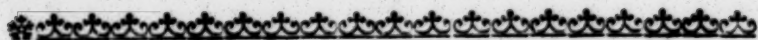
## V.

How marvellous the light  
The gospel rays afford !  
While they reveal so plain in sight,  
The mercies of my *Lord*.

## VI.

Shine, ever shine on me,  
Till all my darkness flies ;  
And I in perfect liberty,  
Fortaste the promis'd skies.





*Motive to Praise.*

I.

COME, ye ransom'd of the *Saviour*,  
Shout *free grace* ;  
Join in lays,  
Publishing his favour.

II.

Have you found the *holy spirit* ?  
Does its pow'r,  
Ev'ry hour,  
Speak th' *atonement's* merit ?

III.

Is the *Saviour's* love, and dying,  
Brought so near,  
Made so dear,  
This you're always eying ?

IV.

Is the *sacrifice* the center  
Your soul loves,  
Where she moves,  
Where she's bold to venture ?

V.

Tell then loud in thankful shouting,  
*God's* free love,



Till you move  
Ev'ry soul that's doubting.

## VI.

Let us sing *his rich salvation*,  
Till the found  
Shall rebound  
Thro'out ev'ry nation.

## VII.

Till the *beathen* join in singing  
Christian songs,  
With their tongues,  
Loud *hosannas* bringing.

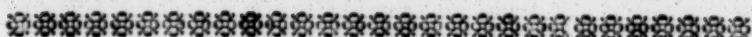
## VIII.

And the earth's extensive borders  
Shall submit  
At *Christ's* feet,  
To his heav'nly orders ;

## IX.

Till the gospel-day's compleated :  
Then may we,  
*Lord*, with thee,  
Be in *zion* seated.





*Singing.*

I.

**S**oldiers of a conqu'ring *king*,  
Throughout all your warfare *sing*;  
He that *sings* shall fright the foe,  
*Sing*, and *Christ* shall strike the blow.

II.

*Sing* when you at first enlist,  
When you taste the love of *Christ*;  
This should be the song of those,  
*What are all my thousand foes?*

III.

Have you prov'd for years his grace?  
You should louder, louder praise;  
This should be your cheerful theme,  
*Jesus is a charming name.*

IV.

Have you many tryals known?  
Much for *Jesu* undergone?  
Be this song by such proclaim'd,  
*Why am I so much esteem'd?*

V.

Have you a deserter prov'd?  
Are you now again below'd?

Such

Such should *sing* amazingly,  
*O indeed his love is free!*

## VI.

Are you garrison'd in *God*?  
 Quarter'd in that safe abode;  
 Such should *sing*, in hymns divine,  
*I am his and he is mine.*

## VII.

Ev'ry christian sure should *sing*,  
 All should praise the christian's *king*;  
 Ev'ry one, in ev'ry state,  
*Sing*, and press to *zion's* gate.



*A Funeral Hymn :*

*Sung at the Grave of one of our Brethren.*

## I.

**W**HEN we, who tend our *brother's*  
 grave,  
 Shall hear the voice of death,  
 The *God* that mighty is to save,  
 Support us with his faith.

## II.

His blood, with more than usual pow'r,  
 Rest on our spirits then;  
 And keep us happy in that hour,  
 Above the force of pain.

## III.

And let thy own dear pierced arms,  
Our dying heads uphold ;  
And kindly all thy bloody charms,  
In our sick hearts unfold.

## IV.

Thy wounds, the *marks* of thy great love,  
Most clearly then reveal ;  
Their wond'rous depths O may we prove,  
And all their merits feel.

## V.

So deeply hid, so near thy heart,  
May we that minuet be,  
That we may joyfully depart,  
Dissolve, and dwell with thee.

## VI.

May all our hearts this blessing share,  
All know our *Saviour's* wounds ;  
And hide our selves for ever there,  
While safety there abounds.

## VII.

That each resignedly may meet  
Sickness, or pain, or death ;  
And near our *Saviour's* pierced feet,  
Happy resign his breath.

## VIII.

That when the wounded *Lamb* shall come,  
 And clearly shew to all,  
 His wounds, his blood, his heav'n, our home,  
 We mayn't confounded fall.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Another :*

*Sung at the Grave of a Sister.*

## I.

**L**ET others mourn, and pine and grieve,  
 While round a grave they throng;  
 Yet we, who in the *Lamb* believe,  
 Will sing a *funeral song*.

## II.

Relations. you may join with us,  
 Our *sister* weeps no more ;  
 She share's the merit of the cross,  
 She reigns on *zion's* shore.

## III.

We know 'tis so; the *Lamb* said, *write,*  
*Blessed are all the dead*  
*Who die in Christ*, the soul's delight,  
*From labour they are fled.*

## IV.

Then let us join to praise the *Lamb*,  
 Who made the grave so sweet,



And all with joyful hearts proclaim  
Thanksgiving at his feet.

## V.

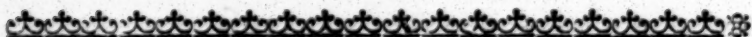
O do but think, how had it been,  
Had not our *Saviour* dy'd?  
Had not the *Lamb* bore all our sin,  
We always might have sigh'd.

## VI.

But since the pond'rous load was laid  
Upon the *Lamb* of *God*;  
O let us all be very glad,  
And sing his praise abroad.

## VII.

Let all our souls acquainted be  
With *Jesus*, and his blood;  
Joyful we'll launch eternity,  
And dwell above with *God*.



*Desire after GOD.*

## I.

**F**ATHER, *Son*, and *Holy Spirit*,  
Let us prove  
Thy great love;  
Let us know thy merit.

## II.

Merit of our *Saviour's* dying  
Be impress'd  
On each breast,  
So shall cease our sighing.

## III.

Let the blood, the blood so precious,  
That once flow'd  
From our *God*,  
Kindly, kindly reach us.

## IV.

That alone our sins can vanquish ;  
*Lord*, our *God*,  
For that blood  
See our poor souls languish.

## V.

Pants the *hart* that's chas'd and wounded,  
With fierce flame,  
For some stream,  
With a thirst unbounded ?

## VI.

Our souls prove more ardent passion,  
Eager we,  
After thee,  
Stream of our salvation.

## VII.

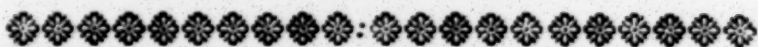
Soarly *hunted* by afflictions,  
*Wounded* too,

Thro'

Thro' and thro',  
By our deep convictions.

## VIII.

*Jesu's* blood the only river,  
That, can cool  
My poor soul,  
Make me well forever.



## On Gospel Means.

## I.

**S**HALL I my soul deceive,  
And rest besides the rock?  
I cannot rest till I believe,  
Till number'd with *Christ's* flock.

## II.

*Shepherd*, a stray sheep see,  
Take pity on me, *Lord*,  
And lead me into liberty,  
By thy unerring word.

## III.

O 'tis not outward means  
The mighty work can do;  
Thy blood alone my heart can cleanse,  
To *Christ* thro' all I'll go.

## IV.

True in the means divine,  
The *Saviour's* blood I find ;  
Leave I the means I mourn and pine,  
And still continue blind.

## V.

But when beneath the means,  
When hearing of thy word,  
I feel deliv'rance from my sins,  
I find my gracious *Lord*.

## VI.

I will not then despise  
The pleasant ways of *God* ;  
But much the glorious gospel prize,  
The preaching of thy blood.

## VII.

Now let the pleasing sound  
Salute each sinner here ;  
And in it be the substance found,  
The love that casts out fear.

## VIII.

O let this love dispel  
The grievous fears of those,  
Who tremble at the thoughts of hell ;  
This love give them repose.

## IX.

This love heal ev'ry heart,  
 The dying love of *God*;  
 Remove the burden'd sinners smart,  
 And heav'n itself unfold.

## X.

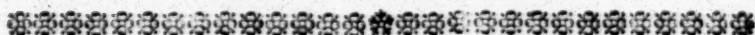
We want, O *Lord*! to know  
 Thy love, thy boundless grace;  
 So shall we sure a pattern show,  
 Before the fallen race.

## XI.

For who so proves this love,  
 Will quite submissive be;  
 Will in the church's order move,  
 Resign'd, dear *Lord*, to thee.

## XII.

Thus orderly we'd move,  
 The gospel truth adorn;  
 Abide for ever in thy love,  
 Among thy *dear first-born*.



*The Christians indeed.*

## I.

**P**ILGRIMS we are, while here below,  
 Thro' many tribulations go,  
 Not known by worldly men;  
 Hated by these, despis'd by those,

Sur-



Surrounded with a thousand foes,  
Who almost wish us slain.

## II.

Do any hence in fear conclude,  
'Tis well to shun the rugged road,  
And smoother ways to take?  
Here us relate our pleasures too,  
And weigh them with our *lighter woe*,  
Before this choice you make.

## III.

Our pleasures they are numberless;  
The *Lord* he is *our righteousness*,  
A fountain spring of love;  
In him a thousand joys are found,  
In him do such delights abound,  
As no where else we prove.

## IV.

This makes the church, who knows the  
*Lamb*,  
Affix that great unbounded name  
To their almighty *God*;  
*My all in all*; in him they find  
Strength, righteousness, and peace of mind,  
For peace flows in his blood.

## V.

O let us then *Christ's* ways embrace,  
His bloody footsteps careful trace,  
Nor mind our threat'ning foes:  
O *Jesus*! give us peace of mind,

Let

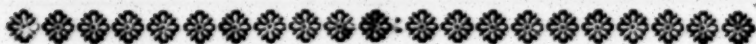
Let us the church's pleasure find,  
We pant for her repose.

## VI.

Come, sinner's friend, thy grace pour down,  
And kindly seal us for thy own ;  
Thy righteousness display,  
Enamour ev'ry thoughtless heart,  
And let a sense of thy great smart  
Engage us night and day.

## VII.

So shall our broken hearts relent,  
And humbled with thy love repent,  
And hate the sinner's road ;  
This love shall so our souls constrain,  
*That gold and pleasure we'll disdain,*  
*And cleave alone to God.*

*Before Preaching.*

## I.

**F**ATHER. who did the world create,  
Plac'd all things in a happy state,  
And made man *lord of all* ;  
Who didst with tender pity see,  
The fall of all his progeny ;  
To thee O *Lord* ! we call.

## II.

We, *the rebellious worms* descent,  
 Feel that rebellion is our bent;  
     But, dearest *Lord*, we pray,  
 Thou would'st in pity with us deal,  
 Subdue the enmity we feel;  
     O take it all away!

## III.

The stony heart we strove to break,  
*Jesus* away in mercy take,  
     Create our hearts anew;  
 O let thy law be deep inprest,  
 On ev'ry unconverted breast!  
     Let all thy counsel know.

## IV.

Our *Father*, yes, our father be,  
 Or endless is our misery,  
     Yes, hell's our certain doom:  
 But sure thou will'st our *Father* prove,  
 Come give us token of thy love,  
     O kindly, kindly come!

## V.

He comes, he comes, and in free grace  
 Displays his reconciled face;  
     And with his matchless love,  
 Declares I'm reconcil'd indeed,  
 Did for your pardon freely bleed;  
     Draw near, your pardon prove.

## VI.

As wretched sinners we approach,  
 And would thy proser'd sceptre touch;  
     Draw us almighty pow'r,  
 Then shall we run, and *Christ* embrace,  
 And prove the riches of free grace;  
     O speak the happy hour!

*The Reflection.*

## I.

**T**HE suff'rings of the *Lamb* of God,  
     His open wounds, and streaming  
     blood,  
 His thro' pierc'd heart, and gaping side,  
 That stands for sinful souls so wide;  
 The church's boast from day to day,  
 These cheer her heart, and smoothe her way.

## II.

'Tis hence her fainting spirits prove,  
 The liv'ning powers of *Jesu's* love  
 That make her in this record join;  
*Immanuel's* love's more sweet than wine,  
 Stronger than death a quenchless flame,  
 That everlasting glows the same.

## III.

But is my heart inflam'd with blood?  
 Am I acquainted with this *God*?  
 Do I the streams of life drink in,  
 And trample on the pow'rs of sin?  
 Do I from strength to strength pass on,  
 And press to reach th' immortal crown?

## IV.

Must not I strike my guilty breast,  
 And own I know not *Jesu's* rest?  
 But walk in darkness day and night,  
 A stranger to the *Lord of light*?  
 O let thy beams of righteousness,  
 Our darkness end, our wants redress!

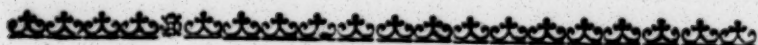
## V.

*Thou sun, supream, our hope's in thee,*  
 But speak, the clouds obedient flee;  
 But show thy sparkling bloody heart,  
 The thickest clouds so swift depart,  
 That in one moment all is clear,  
*Thy perfect love casts out all fear.*

## VI.

Then, dearest *Lamb*, thy love display,  
 And melt our deadness all away,  
 That we, the church's record join,  
 Shouting, *thy love's more sweet than wine,*  
*Stronger than death. a quenchless fire*  
*Appeasing all our souls desire.*





*The Language of the Faithful.*

I.

**M**Y bondage shall cease,  
 My spirit be still,  
 While *Jesus's* peace  
 I inwardly feel;  
 For really such sweetness  
 I find in my *God*,  
 I count all my meetness  
 In *Jesus's* blood.

II.

O blood of the *Lamb*,  
 How sweetly it sounds!  
 How choice is its name,  
 The blood of *Christ's* wounds!  
 These springs I'll abide by,  
 Till time be no more;  
 In those wounds I'll hide me,  
 This refuge so sure.

III.

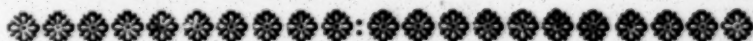
Can any one find  
 A refuge like this?  
 How dark and how blind  
 Each poor sinner is?  
 What is there no beauty  
 In *Christ*, the dear *Lamb*?

Indeed

Indeed 'tis thy duty  
To honour his name.

## IV.

If you can reject  
A *name* that's so good,  
Nor seek the effect  
Of *Jesus's* blood,  
Quite strange to salvation,  
Your soul must remain,  
In darkness, vexation,  
And sorrow and pain.

*An Evening Hymn.*

## I.

**S**AVIOUR, guardian of the night,  
All I recommend to thee ;  
Keep me till the morning light,  
Night and day my keeper be :  
So I safe shall sleep,  
Kept from thousand threat'ning harms,  
Incident to helpless sheep,  
Sweetly in my *shepherd's* arms.

## II.

Tho' a helpless sheep I am,  
Strength is in my *shepherd* found ;  
None so mighty as the *Lamb*,  
None can break my *shepherd's* bound ;

Let the *wild bore* rage,  
 Walls of brass are round his flock;  
 Let the world fierce battles wage,  
 Easy we endure the shock.

## III.

Was I not a sheep of thine,  
 How should I now close my eyes?  
 Knew I not the *Saviour* mine,  
 Sure in shrieks, and doleful cries  
 I should spend the night;  
 How could I in quiet sleep,  
 When before the morning light,  
 I might launch an endless deep?

## IV.

*But I know I am the Lord's,*  
 So I quiet lay me down;  
 O the peace that this affords,  
 Far exceeds a monarch's crown!  
 I this peace possess;  
 Thanks to *Christ* who gave it me;  
 This is real solid rest,  
 This is christian liberty.



*A Minister and Society parting.*

## I.

**S**aviour who knows the hearts of men,  
 And rules them as it seems thee good,  
 Regard

Regard a broken hearted train ;  
Pour down the *balsam* of thy blood,  
That while we part, and fainting cry  
*Farewel!* our hearts may feel thee nigh.

## II.

How happy 'tis, that tho' we part,  
The greatest distance cannot move  
The flame enkindled in each heart,  
The glowing spark of heav'nly love ;  
No, tho' we part, and fainting cry  
*Farewel!* at distance we are nigh.

## III.

Still are our spirits sweetly one,  
Tho' we are distant many miles ;  
In silent hours when all alone,  
Or sieg'd with thousand weighty toils,  
We think how we did parting cry  
*Farewel!* and feel that we are nigh.

## IV.

Or should the pow'rs of hell beget,  
Within our hearts, blind prejudice ;  
But surely *Lord*, thou'lt hinder it,  
And keep us nx'd in perfect peace ;  
We'll call to mind the melting cry,  
*Farewel!* and that shall bring us nigh.

## V.

Now if it be so hard to part,  
But for a month, a fleeting year,

Where

Where is the hard obdurate heart,  
 Can endless operation bear?  
 Can boldly speak, or softly sigh  
*Farewel*, to all eternity?

## VI.

But thanks to *God* thro' faith divine,  
 We can't for ever be remov'd;  
 If *Jesus* doth in mercy join,  
 'The souls that are by him belov'd,  
 'Those souls may speak without a sigh,  
*Farewel!* so firm's the gospel tie.

## VII.

But greater happiness than this,  
 Is *zion's* portion here below;  
 A deeper fountain of true bliss,  
*That God won't from his people go;*  
 'That tho' we frequent fainting cry,  
*Farewel!* *our God is always nigh.*



*Praise for Redemption.*

## I.

**T**HE great redemption *Christ* brought in,  
 Deserves ten thousand songs;  
 'Twas he that spoil'd the pow'rs of sin,  
 To him all strength belongs.

We'll



## II.

We'll bear our thousand foes to *God*,  
 Our *Dallilabs*, our sin;  
 The torrent of a *Saviour's* blood  
 Shall wash us sinners clean.

## III.

Thanks that the fountain open stands,  
 That here's a free access;  
 That *Jesus* with his pierced hands  
 Doth such vile sinners bless.

## IV.

Draw us yet nearer to our *God*,  
 Till we thy fulness prove;  
 Know all the blessings of thy blood,  
 And banquet on thy love.



*An Admiration of Free Grace.*

## I.

**I** Raptur'd admire  
 The grace of my *God*;  
 The heavenly fire  
 That flames in his blood:  
 This grace I'll be singing  
 Thro' all of my songs,  
 Till free grace is ringing  
 From thousands of tongues.

○ that

## II.

O that the world knew  
 The riches of grace!  
 And had in their view  
*Immanuel's ways!*  
 Then earth would be *zion*,  
 And sorrows should cease,  
 While mortals rely'd on  
 The author of peace.

## III.

But satan deceives  
 Ten thousand poor souls;  
 False pleasure he gives,  
 And leads them like fools;  
*His craft I remember,*  
*He try'd each extream;*  
*O horrid dissembler!*  
*How baseful his name.*

## IV.

How oft he cry'd peace  
 To me in my sins,  
 said, *soul be at ease,*  
 While wrap'd in his chains:  
 But I the more restless,  
 The louder should cry,  
 Sin's pleasures were tasteless,  
 No comfort had I.

## V.

He craftily then  
 Confess'd *it was true;*

*I sunk*

*I sunk in my sin,  
 Must perish in wee;  
 That vain was my crying,  
 God would not regard;  
 A sinner's weak sighing  
 Should never be heard.*

## VI.

But marvellous grace  
 Hath brought me safe thro';  
 To *Jesus* the praise  
 Eternal is due;  
 My crying he minded,  
 Dispers'd all my grief;  
 My fetters unbinded,  
 And brought me relief.

\* \* *Before Preaching.*

## I.

**H**OLY Spirit, quick'ning breeze,  
 Speak, and give the gospel peace;  
 Seal us with the hidden seal,  
 Now eternal life reveal.

## II.

Stablish, *Lord*, our souls in grace,  
 Show thy reconciled face;  
 Help our each infirmity,  
 Speak, and set thy servants free.

Let

## III.

Let thy voice be sweetly heard,  
 Let thy *heritage* be spar'd ;  
 Spare us, *Lord?* thy blessings give,  
 Spare us, let thy servants live.

## IV.

Is not boundless grace with thee ?  
*We have prov'd thy mercy free ;*  
 Can thy great compassions fail ?  
 Shall the fiends of hell prevail ?

## V.

Various our Temptations here,  
*Lightness, passion, pride and fear,*  
*Wol'dly forms, and praise from men ;*  
 O that all our foes were slain !

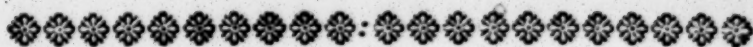
## VI.

Bless'd be *God*, there's vict'ry got,  
 Vict'ry is the christian's lot ;  
 Who's wash'd in *Jesu's* blood,  
 Tramples down the hellish brood.

## VII.

Who shall speak thy conqu'ring pow'r ?  
 Who enough the *Lamb* adore ?  
 Let the congregation join,  
 All in *Jesu's* praise combine.

*Another.*

*Another.*

## I.

**H**OW great the depths of *Jesu's* grace!  
Who can the gospel blessings trace!  
*Pardon from sin, releas'e from fear,*  
*A light dispersing black despair;*  
*A happy witness in the heart,*  
*That we in Jesus Christ have part.*

## II.

*A liberty surpassing thought,*  
*All that the blood of Jesus bought;*  
*A silent peace, a heav'n within,*  
*Deliv'rance from the pow'rs of sin;*  
*A brother, husband and a God,*  
*A fountain source of living food.*

## III.

*Yes, and a thousand blessings more;*  
*How great the riches of this store?*  
*And lo! the fountain flows for you,*  
*Who nothing in your selves can do;*  
*O burden'd souls, the blessings seek,*  
*In faith this rich redemption take.*

## IV.

*A fountain flows, it flows for sin,*  
*Uncleanly souls are here made clean;*



How suitable the stream for us,  
 The blood descending from the cross :  
 Come sin-sick souls, here's free access,  
 Behold the perfect righteousness !

## V.

O did ye once in truth draw nigh,  
 And call in deep sincerity,  
 Upon the sinner's tender friend,  
 Soon would your groans and miseries end ;  
 While *pardon, peace, assurance* too,  
 As rivers to your souls should flow.

## VII.

Come ev'ry soul, to night draw nigh,  
 Quite sure we are he won't deny  
 The helpless souls who come to him ;  
 No, *Jesus* is his charming name ;  
*Jesus!* how suitable it sounds ?  
*Jesus* will heal the sinner's wounds.

*In Trouble*

## I.

**A**ND shall my troubles weigh me down?  
 Can I forget the sparkling crown,  
 Prepar'd for me above ?  
 Tho' now my troubles press me sore,  
 My troubles soon shall all be o'er,  
 And I be fill'd with love.

May

## II.

Mayn't I be glad amidst them all ?  
 My troubles cannot make me fall,  
     While *Jesus* is my *God* ;  
 Tho' grievous to the flesh they be,  
 Yet for some good they're sent to me,  
     Resign'd I'll kiss the rod.

## III.

With *Christ* a sov'reign pow'r's found,  
 He governs all the world around,  
     And orders all things well ;  
 Each raging wave the *Lord* commands,  
 He says *thus far*, and then it stands,  
     And hush'd is all the swell.

## IV.

Tho' yet the waves with fury beat,  
 Soon shall they fall beneath my feet  
     Soon as he says *thus far* ;  
 O speak the word, let tryals cease,  
 And all within be joy and peace,  
     Yes, all be comfort there.

## V.

Yet not my will, if tryals be  
 Wisely appointed, *Lord*, by thee,  
     O keep me quite resign'd ;  
 Be this my pray'r, *thy will be done*,  
*Thy will*, O *Lord* ! *thy will alone* ;  
     So breaths my peaceful mind.



*Experience from Solomon's Song, v. 2.—9.*

I.

**A**H me ! I sleep ! yet still I feel  
 A spark of my half smother'd zeal ;  
 Yes, still my *Saviour's* voice I know,  
 'Tis *he* that knocks, and courts me so.

II.

Open, the heav'nly charmer cries,  
 The softest language *Jesus* tries ;  
 Hark to his voice ; *my spotless love,*  
*My sister undefil'd, my dove.*

III.

Open, he says with argument  
 Would make a stranger's heart to rent ;  
*Wet with the cold unwholesome dew,*  
*Open, my love, my sorrows view.*

IV.

Yet my *base heart* would seek excuse,  
 Would ent'rance to my *Lord* refuse ;  
 But distant glimmers of his love  
 Soon made my *frozen* bowels move.

V.

I rose to open to my *God,*  
 And felt a heav'n where'er I trod ;

But,

But, when I open'd, he was gone,  
The *charming Jesus* was withdrawn.

## VI.

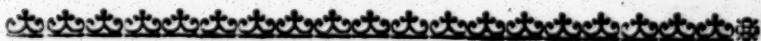
My spirits fail'd, still *Christ* I fought,  
But wretched me, I found him not ;  
I loudly call'd, but to my call  
No answer could obtain at all.

## VII.

While in the streets, *the means of grace*  
Still did my heavy griefs increase;  
The watchmen, *ministers they were*,  
Wounded, and strip'd, and left me bare.

## VIII.

O daughters of *jerusalem* !  
If *Christ* ye know pray tell to him  
I'm sick of love, of burning love,  
And pant his kind embrace to prove.



## A Rhapsody.

## I.

**I** F I but think of *Jesus's* love  
I feel my very bowels move;  
And loud I cry in extasy,  
O the dear *Man that dy'd for me* !



## II.

I view him in his infant-state,  
And still his *Godhead* can't forget;  
I'm ravish'd with the Mystery;  
*O the dear Man, &c.*

## III.

I see *him* in his tender age,  
With doctors in disputes engage,  
While leaps my heart with ecstasy;  
*O the dear Man, &c.*

## IV.

*His miracles* confirm my faith,  
All that he does, all that he saith,  
Shows me there's none like him can be;  
*O the dear Man, &c.*

## V.

I view *him* fore derided too,  
Here by a *greek*! there by *jew*!  
Meekly he bears their mockery;  
*O the dear Man, &c.*

## VI.

His love to his *disciple-train*,  
Makes me admire my *Lord* again;  
Never was master half so free;  
*O the dear Man, &c.*

## VII.

His condescension O how great!  
'The *master* cleans his servants feet;

There



There cannot such a master be ;  
*O the dear Man, &c.*

## VIII.

When the *vile mob*, that *judas* brought,  
In the dark garden *Jesus* sought,  
Kindly *he* said, *let these go free* ;  
*O the dear Man, &c.*

## IX.

While at the *judgment-bars* *he* stood,  
Derided by the *levite crowd*,  
Still like a *Lamb* my *Lord* I see ;  
*O the dear Man, &c.*

## X.

Yes, when they condemnation past,  
When *Jesus* was for my crimes cast,  
Silent *he* bore all infamy ;  
*O the dear Man, &c.*

## XI.

Then was *he* strip'd with strokes severe,  
Which cruelly his dear flesh tare ;  
My heart dissolves while this I see !  
*O the dear Man, &c.*

## XII.

How shall I then proceed to sing,  
The dying tortures of my king ?  
Or tell *the scene of calvary* ?  
*O the dear Man &c.*

## XIII.

*Nail'd to the cross, come sinners view,  
What Jesus did for your souls do;  
So shall you sing in extasy,  
O the dear Man, &c.*

## XIV.

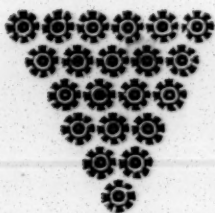
*His wounds (his tort'rous death) declare  
He did our great transgressions bear;  
There cannot such a Saviour be!  
O the dear Man, &c.*

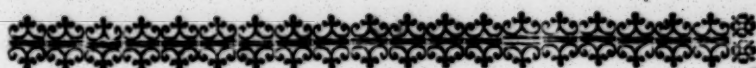
## XV.

*His rising from the vanquish'd grave,  
Shows him a God that's great to save;  
Encreases still my extasy,  
O the dear Man, &c.*

## XVI.

*His bright ascension to the skies  
Tells me, thy crumbling dust shall rise,  
Shall sing to all eternity;  
O the dear Man that dy'd for me!*





## A T A B L E.

*Shewing how to find out any HYMN by  
the first Line.*

### A

|                                     |     |
|-------------------------------------|-----|
| A H me! I sleep! yet still I feel   | 160 |
| A minister of <i>Christ</i> our God | 25  |
| And doth the tempter say            | 47  |
| And shall my troubles weigh me down | 158 |
| Are ye christians? are ye so        | 21  |
| As little robins pert and fair      | 33  |

### C

|                                                  |     |
|--------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Church of <i>Jesus</i> , bride of God            | 8   |
| Come, my <i>Saviour</i> , shew thy pierced heart | 76  |
| Come, sisters, let us join to praise             | 101 |
| Come sinners, come, O come and taste             | 124 |
| Come, ye ransom'd of the <i>Saviour</i>          | 132 |

### D

|                                           |     |
|-------------------------------------------|-----|
| Dear <i>Saviour</i> of men                | 109 |
| Did <i>jude</i> the ancient church accuse | 48  |

### E

|                                     |            |
|-------------------------------------|------------|
| Ev'ry morning with thy wonted grace | 77         |
|                                     | <i>God</i> |

## G

God of mercy, manifest we pray 75

## H

Happy those, and only happy they 78

Here may *Jesus* lodge with me 54

*Holy Spirit* quick'ning breeze 155

How great is my load 113

How great the depths of *Jesu's* grace 157

How nappy is the soul set free 13

How hard is my heart 98

How loud should *britons* shout 49

How shall I *Jesu's* glories tell 32

## I

I by faith enlisted am 27

I raptur'd admire 153

I sing the *Youth*, the *Nazareen* 120

*Jesus*, he is kind to us 80

If I but think of *Jesu's* love 161

I'm sure it was the voice of *God* 129

It's not right that I should grieve 67

## L

Let a tempting devil strive 15

Let others mourn, and pine, and grieve 137

Long a perfect church I sought 118

## M

Many others their confessions sing 72

Mighty disposer of all things 52

My raptur'd tongue 69

Now



## N

Now I must in tears confess 95

## O

O *Jesus*, this thy servant keep 58

O *Jesus* who did once explain 126

O may my soul be faster bound 14

O miracle of grace divine 66

O redemption! boundless good 104

O that the *Lord* may with us go 87

Our great *Jehovah* claim'd a day 29

## S.

Satan hath blinded all the world 65

*Saviour* who knows the hearts of men 150

Search ev'ry peopled land 17

See on *calv'ry's* mount a wonder 106

See on the gospel pole 130

Shall angels above 99

Shall poor sinners vainly meet 119

*Sharon's* rose may boast it's bloom 30

Soldiers of a conqu'ring king 134

Strengthen this preacher of thy grace 59

## T

Ten thousand thousand are my sins 89

That faith which I of *Christ* receiv'd 34

The flesh of my *God* 111

The great redemption *Christ* brought in 152

The judgment's near the ballance hung 18

The tydings of grace 116

Thou dearest *Jesus* when below 123

Thou



|                                                 |     |
|-------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Thou <i>Saviour</i> divine                      | 107 |
| Thus saith the <i>Lord</i> , if I arise         | 74  |
| Thy ev'ry mercy calls for praise                | 92  |
| 'Tis <i>God</i> provides for all our needs      | 90  |
| W                                               |     |
| We shout aloud to <i>israel's God</i>           | 51  |
| Well, sisters, did you e'er repent              | 102 |
| What must I always doubting stray               | 127 |
| What pleasure have I                            | 19  |
| When dear <i>Lord</i> shall jarring cease       | 128 |
| When <i>Jesus</i> kindly shew'd                 | 96  |
| When <i>john</i> was by the <i>Spirit</i> led   | 22  |
| When satan with his utmost rage                 | 114 |
| When shall my frozen heart revive               | 86  |
| When tedious years were all inspir'd            | 35  |
| When we who tend our brother's grave            | 135 |
| Whence arises fordid fear                       | 88  |
| While I reflect upon my call                    | 83  |
| While a <i>usurper</i> seeks the nation's crown | 114 |
| Y                                               |     |
| Ye helpless souls, your <i>Saviour</i> see      | 56  |
| Ye sons of <i>levi</i> loud proclaim            | 121 |

F I N I S.



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